

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

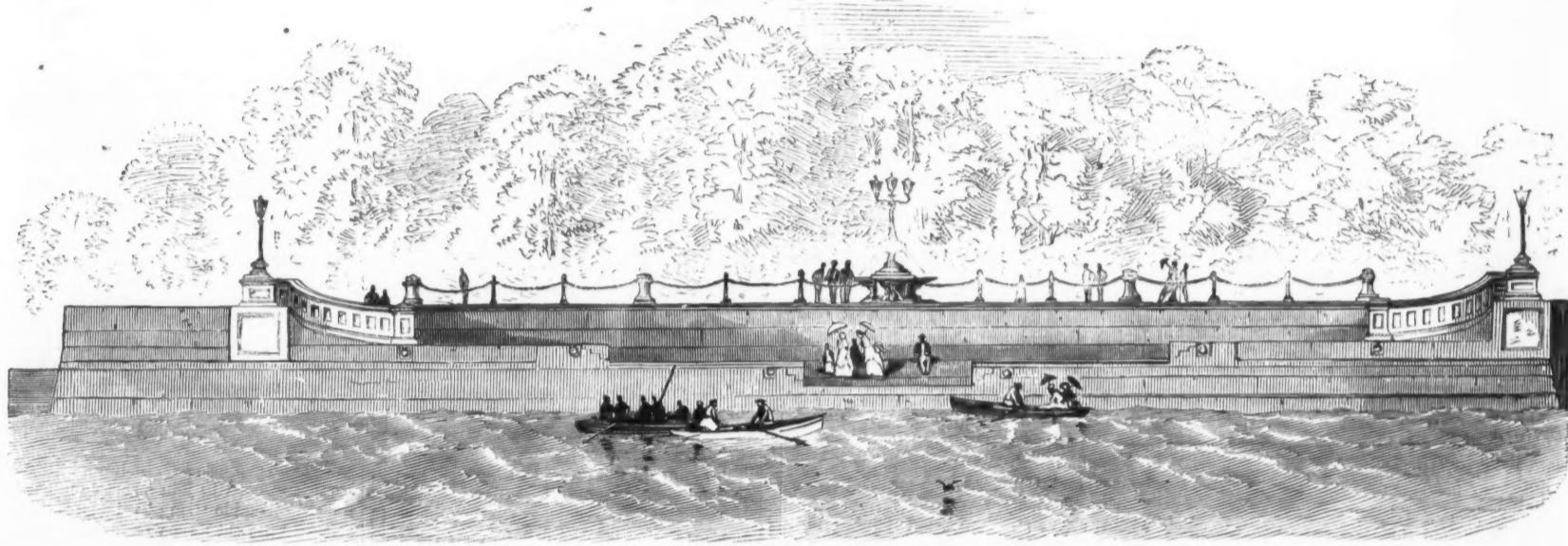


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NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1871.

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NEW YORK CITY.—DESIGN FOR THE NEW BOAT-LANDING NOW BUILDING AT THE BATTERY.—FROM A DRAWING FURNISHED BY THE DOCK COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 403.



NEW YORK CITY.—SUBMARINE OPERATIONS FOR THE NEW IMPROVEMENTS AT THE BATTERY—MEN IN DIVING ARMOR LAYING RIP-RAP FOR THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW BOAT-LANDING.—SEE PAGE 403.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1871.

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NOTICE.

With this number is given an illustrated SUPPLEMENT, containing further chapters of the Continuation to DICKENS's unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." In the next number will be concluded this most ingenious literary work, which has surprised all reading people by the novelty of its solution of an intricate and masterly plot.

In a late number was commenced a most powerful and brilliant story of modern society, entitled "MAUD MOHAN; OR, WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?" by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), known, wherever English literature is valued, for her remarkable novels—"Dennis Donne," "Called to Account," "False Colors," "Playing for High Stakes," etc.

Besides its selection of the choicest fiction and other literature, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as it was the first is the principal purveyor of PICTORIAL NEWS on this Continent. Its unapproached facilities enable it to represent the events of the day promptly on their occurrence, and whether they fall under the eyes of its American or European art-reporters. Depending upon its own resources, and considering American news the paramount business of an American journal, it is in the habit of relegating the illustrations of foreign events almost exclusively to a single page, where may always be found an interesting group of pictorial quotations. The body of the NEWSPAPER is filled with original pictures of contemporary occurrences. In this specialty FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has no competitor.

THE DEGENERATE STAGE.

The present degenerate condition of the Drama is a matter of the gravest solicitude. Just now, at a time when the efforts of its best friends, so strenuously exerted for some prior period, seemed to have a prospect of being successful—when the claims of the theatre were asserted as a high moral teacher, as an inspired friend, as a delightful resort for harmless pastime, as a stupendous power for good or ill, as it might be directed—just now all these efforts and almost realized results are baffled and rendered nugatory by the uncalled-for stupidity of the managers. Instead of assisting in the effort made for their benefit, by gradually elevating the general tone of the performances, each and all have united, as if by agreement combining in the "ring" fashion of the day, in lowering the character of their entertainments, till, through all the grades of sensationalism, they go down to jigs and mere grimace.

There was a species of dignity, or at least some grandeur, in the indecencies of the "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn;" they perhaps were in conformity with the New York character, which respects villainy if successful, and upholds crime when covered with gold. We quietly endured the "Tammany," made not a wail at the iniquity of the Fisk Opera House, and only shrugged our shoulders at the decadence of the Olympic and Niblo's; but now, to see the announcements for the future of Wallack's and Booth's—the last home of the legitimate, i. e., the elevated, decent Drama—places where we could take our wives and daughters—we cannot refrain from speaking.

We know it will be urged, in reply, that the management are but business men; that they only furnish what the community demand. They will cite Davenport's speech at Chicago, where he and J. W. Wallack played an engagement to empty houses. It is too good to be omitted here.

An opposition house was nightly crowded to witness some sensationalism unworthy the attention of any audience where such performances as these neglected ones were within reach. On being called out after the last performance by a most meagre house, Mr. Davenport stated that Mr. Wallack was learning the banjo, while he (Mr. Davenport) was assiduously perfecting himself in clog-dances, and

trusted that shortly they would return able to give such a performance as would be adapted to the understandings of the Chicago audiences. This speech could scarcely be reported as "heard with prolonged applause."

But allow, as you may desire, that the supply follows the demand, the defection of Wallack's and Booth's theatres is no less flagrant. Both of these institutions have been abundantly successful; neither has the least cause for complaint, for both have been nightly crowded by the intelligent people of the country, and at the highest prices ever paid for theatricals in New York. Booth's Theatre made a profit of over \$75,000 the first year, and nearly a similar amount the second, and this upon expenditures necessary for not more than a dozen plays during both years! The most craving desire could not in conscience ask for more.

There is a proper field for the pleasant tricks and delicious grimaces, the dances and songs of the *soubrette*, but that is not on the grand stage of Booth's. It is little less than desecration, and the ghost of Hamlet ought to walk, and with beckoning finger warn the management against pandering to the depraved taste of the community, lest, when they may desire to present some higher species of entertainment, they find their audiences sunk too low for appreciation, and "Othello's occupation gone."

FASHION AND COMFORT.

The "fashionable season," ending at midnight on the last day of August—Fashion being very precise in dates and formalities—fortunately leaves behind it a period of several weeks better fitted for rural recreation, which sensible citizens of the plainer class should not permit to pass unimproved.

The torrid temperature of July and August, during which many thousands do more or less penance, instead of reaping enjoyment, at watering-places and "country boarding-houses," is now giving way to the attractions of Autumn—our Autumn—one of the pleasantest periods of the North-American year. All familiar with the country know that September and October hold out inducements which will richly repay visits from persons whom circumstances forbid joining in the fashionable routine during the scorching dog-days. Notwithstanding the common saying about "all the world being out of town during the season," the number of temporary refugees on the fashionable pilgrimage is really too small to be appreciable to the common observer in our streets. The great mass of city population, including tens of thousands who most need relief from care and labor, are compelled to toil on persistently, with very brief intermissions from the pressure of business, and from inability to pay large expenses for indulging their families with country air.

"Fashionable tours," even if allowable on the score of cost, have few charms for the multitude of unpretending people in the class thus strongly bound down to the regular business of city life.

The advantages of our great cities, if rightly used, will greatly aid in furnishing a reasonable share of recreation to those who need it most. Steamboats and railroads enable business-men to arrange frequent and varied short journeys to many and beautiful localities—with the advantage of returning frequently with their families to their city homes—the comforts of which latter will seem greater and greater the more they are contrasted with the general run of "country board," or even with the crowded halls, narrow bedrooms and other discomforts of prominent resorts during the "fashionable season."

Taking New York and Brooklyn as bases of action, for instance, it is in the power of multitudes among their million and a half of people to arrange for many short excursions that will enable them to enjoy greater variety and more real comfort than fall to the lot of the wealthy class that revels for "the season" at any one of the great watering-places (so called). Examine the map of even fifty miles around New York, and see how many delightful places may be visited on journeys occupying only two or three hours, and from which the travelers may return to their homes every day or every other day, as the temptation may be greater or less for spending a night or two at the resorts thus within reach.

Now is the time for planning and carrying out such reasonable projects of recreation. Everybody who turns attention to the subject will readily see that a vast amount of real enjoyment may thus be secured during the pleasant Autumn weather, by thousands and tens of thousands, whose indispensable duties and very moderate bank-accounts permit neither long absences nor large disbursements in pursuit of pleasure by land or water. Persons "improving" these occasions (as our clerical friends say) will have no reason for reproaching us for directing their attention to the subject. Where in the world is there a Summer resort comparable to New York, and several other of our large cities, for all the means of reaching varied and beautiful localities, by the

seaside or inland, as you may select, for such short excursions as we have here recommended to be carried out on a large scale?

THE ASTEROIDAL FAMILY.

ANOTHER addition has just been made to the catalogue of planetary bodies, through the labor of Dr. Peters, of the Hamilton College Observatory, in Central New York—to whose astronomical ability and success we have heretofore alluded.

The disproportioned interval between Mars and Jupiter—five hundred millions of miles—which occasioned the bold assertion that the disparity between it and the law shown in other interplanetary spaces was occasioned by the disruption of a planet that formerly revolved between those two great orbs—is being gradually filled on astronomic charts by specks denoting asteroids, supposed to be fragments of the shattered world within whose orbit they are rotating.

The results of perseverance and of improved telescopes are signally shown by the progress of discovery in this direction. The combined and well-organized exertions of European astronomers between 1784 and 1800 found nothing to justify the bold hypotheses of Kepler and Bodé. But the enthusiastic observers steadily persevered in this search for minor worlds among the ruins of the supposed exploded planet. The four asteroids discovered in the early years of this century—Ceres, Juno, Pallas and Vesta—remained for forty years the only trophies of this zealous research. But the list was then quickly increased by the discovery of an equal number.

This success occasioned such widespread interest in the scientific world, that the lamented Professor O. M. Mitchell, in his fascinating volume concerning the "Stellar and Planetary Worlds," mentioned the matter prominently among the most memorable astronomical feats prior to the date of his book (in 1845)—"not less than eight of these remarkable bodies having now been discovered!" as he enthusiastically exclaimed. And we can readily imagine what he would say, had he not been cut off in the prime of life, could he witness our present greatly enlarged catalogue—the asteroidal family having shown such rapid increase during the last twenty years, that we have now recorded not less than one hundred and fourteen, some of them revolving in such close proximity, that they might be said to be occasionally "within hailing distance of each other."

Though General Mitchell was wholly uninfluenced by jealousy toward foreign competitors in the glorious field of scientific research, his spirit might honestly rejoice in knowing that a large portion of the increased number of asteroids had been discovered by fellow-countrymen, in his native land—through all the extent of which, prior to the Observatory established by him at Cincinnati, less than thirty years ago, there was not a single astronomical institution existing, if we may except the naval germ which has since grown triumphantly to the rank and title of a National Observatory.

With such success among the present number of zealous astronomers, are we not justified in anticipating still larger additions to the asteroidal family, even though the difficulty of discovery is increased now by the diminishing size of the new-comers into the field of vision, the largest having naturally been earliest discovered?

THE LESSONS OF CALAMITY.

THE revelations following the late steamboat explosion intensify the feeling with which the actual damage on that occasion was popularly regarded. The coroner's inquest and the Steam-Inspector's examination bring out facts more alarming than most of us could have imagined. Judging from the looseness prevalent in former official inspections, as shown by the testimony of experts and others, it would seem that the community has been exposed so largely to peril as to render it only wonderful that explosions are not far more frequent—that there are not ten or a hundred for every one that really occurs through the land.

Terrible as this *Westfield* calamity is, its very enormity must be productive of some alleviating considerations. With such awful example before us, on one of the most important steamboat routes around New York, people will not hereafter allow themselves to be deluded as readily as they have been. However rigid the inspection laws, it is seen that their design is measurably nullified by the carelessness with which boilers and engineers are "examined" and licensed. If we had not the sworn testimony on the subject, it would be almost incredible that any great corporation like the Staten Island Steamboat Company could entrust the lives of passengers and the safety of its own property to underlings as ignorant or careless as some of their prominent employés are proved to be; yet it is strongly alleged that similar research would probably show that three-fourths of all our Ferry Companies, and others using steam-

engines, are about equally careless of the qualifications of their engineers, or of the "firemen" who often do duty at the engines.

What is everybody's business, is said to be nobody's business; yet, in such cases as we are speaking of, people accustomed to pass daily over our ferries should give some attention to these matters, and let the Ferry Companies and their employés know promptly when any carelessness is seen that may jeopardize life to such fearful extent as we have lately witnessed. The inspection laws are rigid enough—let the people whose lives are endangered see that they are faithfully enforced.

THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

The story is an old one of the dying father who gave a bundle of sticks to his sons, which each one trying in vain to break, he then divided the faggot, and separately handing them the sticks, they were easily broken one by one. "Now," said he, "you see the power of union—united, you are invincible; separated, you may be overcome."

The Academy of Medicine is a more modern illustration. It is a bundle of sticks, each one rotten and valueless, but, united, wielding a power in the community. The real men of the medical profession do not belong to this astute body. The leading surgeons Mott and Carnochan, the eminent physicians Chalmers and Deners, the oculists Ceccarini (of the Board of Health), Knapp and others, refuse to associate with them. The late Dr. Valentine Mott was censured by the Academy for publishing a card stating that he would "give his services gratuitously to the sick poor, at the University clinic, one day in the week." The most eminent American surgeon, Dr. J. Marion Sims, was censured by the Academy for writing a letter saying that he had attended Charlotte Cushman, and what he thought of her case. A prominent physician and man of letters was suspended from the Academy for performing an obstetric operation upon the patient of a homeopathic physician, thereby saving a valuable life.

The late eminent Drs. Bedford, Pattison and Hosack refused to join a society imbued with the objectionable "ring" principles that characterized the old Kappa Lambda Society.

Indeed, to-day, the better men of the profession are the most lukewarm members, most of whom have not attended a meeting for years, and there is rarely a quorum (twenty-one) of a nominal two hundred and fifty members.

The ruling spirits of this association are men of little education, small practice, unknown by any literary or other works to the profession or the public.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART IX.

THE NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM.

THE personal exertions of Robert M. Hartley, the very efficient Secretary of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, caused the organization of this Asylum, the great need of which became known to him while he was pursuing his duties as the Secretary above mentioned.

The object of the Asylum is explained in the Second Section of its Charter: namely, the reception and charge of such children, between the ages of five and fourteen years, as may be voluntarily entrusted to the Institution by their parents or guardians; or as may be committed to its charge by competent authority; and to provide for their support and to afford them the means of moral, intellectual, and industrial education.

The classes of children which the Institution may receive under the provisions of its charter, additionally to those who are surrendered by their parents or guardians, are such as may be found abandoned, or improperly exposed or neglected by their parents; such as solicit charity from door to door, in the streets, or in any public place; such as are the offspring of disreputable women; and such as, by drunkenness, or other vicious habits of their parents or guardians, are rendered proper objects for the care of the Asylum.

The children entrusted or committed to the Institution are taken, in the first instance, to the House of Reception, No. 61 West Thirteenth Street. While they are there, their habits are carefully studied, their instruction is provided for, and they are prepared for the more thorough and systematic training of the Asylum.

The Asylum grounds, a plot of twenty acres, lie between Tenth Avenue and the Kingsbridge Road, and between One Hundred and Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Streets.

The main building, in the form of a cross, fronts on One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street. It is of granite, four stories high, the front projection being fifty feet by sixty; and the side extensions, seventy-five feet by forty. The central rear extension is forty feet by eighty. In the rear of this, but connected

with it, is a brick building, running east and west, sixty-five feet by forty, with two wings, each thirty-five feet by twenty-six; and beyond that, extending nearly to the line of One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street, is still another building, one hundred and eight feet by forty-two. The extensive grounds around these buildings are appropriately cultivated and ornamented.

When the children are taken to the Asylum, they are placed under the personal influence and care of ladies of refinement and cultivation, graduates of some of the best educational institutions of New York and New England. In the dining-room, the dormitory, the play-ground, the gymnasium, and the shops, the boys are under the direct supervision of male teachers, who are skillful and accomplished.

The object of this Asylum, being not the punishment, but the reformation of its inmates, the question as to the proper time for discharging them is decided by the judgment of the officers in each particular instance; and the officers, with all their skill and experience, are, in exceptional cases, deceived. But on the whole, the children are, in hospital phrase, "discharged cured," and with a certain amount of education and training which gives the right inclination to their subsequent course. This applies to children voluntarily entrusted to the Asylum by their parents. Those who are legally committed to the Institution as neglected or friendless, are usually indentured to farmers at the West.

The income of the Asylum for the last year, apart from receipts for the Building Fund, was:

Amount received from the Comptroller for support of children.....	\$66,902.00
Amount received from parents for board of children.....	2,060.00
Amount received from the Board of Education.....	7,275.00
Amount of several bequests.....	50,000.00
	\$126,237.00

The Report of the Superintendent for the last year shows:

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Remaining in the House of Reception.....	65 ..	24 ..	89
Remaining in the Asylum.....	423 ..	83 ..	506
Received during the year, in both Houses.....	689 ..	137 ..	826
			1,421

Returned to parents and friends.....	679
Indentured and placed in homes.....	170
Transferred to other institutions.....	12
Escaped.....	3
Died.....	2 — 906

Remaining at end of the year : Boys.	Girls.
House of Reception.....	54 .. 23 .. 77
Asylum.....	396 .. 82 .. 478

Total number since the opening of the Institution.....	15,336
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The conditions of the children, or the causes of their confinement when entrusted or committed to the Institution, were :

Unfortunate.....	3,705
Pilfering.....	2,431
Vagrant.....	2,687
Bad.....	1,332
Beggars.....	425
Disobedient and truant.....	4,706
	15,336

The Annual Reports of the Asylum, which are pamphlets of more than one hundred pages, exhibit, in minute and very interesting detail, the system of occupation and education of the children.

The officers of the Asylum are : Appollos R. Wetmore, President ; Peter Cooper, Vice-President ; John T. Adams, Second Vice-President ; William C. Gilman, Secretary ; and Thomas Denny, Treasurer. There are twenty-four elected Directors, and four Directors *ex officio*, namely : the Mayor of New York, the President of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the Board of Councilmen, and the President of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction.

THE FOUNLING ASYLUM OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Asylum, chartered under the title above given, was founded by the Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church ; but, in the nature of things, it is conducted without any reference to the creed of the parents. The Asylum began its operations, in the hired house No. 17 East Twelfth Street, in October, 1869 ; and at the end of a year it was removed to No. 3 Washington Square, North.

A plot of ground, at the corner of Sixty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue has been leased to the Sisters in perpetuity, at a nominal rent, by the Common Council ; and the State has appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a suitable building on the ground, to be paid whenever a like sum for the same purpose shall have been raised by private contribution.

In reference to that stipulation on the part of the State, the Sisters made extensive preparations for a Fair in January, 1871, and the enterprise was so successful, that not less than seventy-two thousand dollars were realized from the sales and gifts at the Fair. Private subscriptions were then solicited to make up

the sum total of one hundred thousand dollars ; and, by the exertions of Mr. R. B. Connolly, list of gentlemen was made out, headed by Mayor Hall, who gave one thousand dollars each. These were followed by smaller subscriptions until the whole amount was obtained. The new building will now be speedily constructed.

The present house has accommodations for about seventy infants ; and when new-comers arrive, they, or their predecessors, as the case may be, are put out to nurse in charge of responsible and known nurses, engaged and retained for the purpose. The entire expenses of the Home are between three thousand and four thousand dollars a month ; and the funds are raised by contributions solicited from, or volunteered by, all classes of citizens. The number of infants received is nearly one hundred a month. A cradle stands, night and day, in the vestibule of the front basement, the door being open ; and any one who chooses can deposit a child in the cradle, and leave it there, after ringing the bell to announce the arrival. And children are so brought and left at all hours—almost as many in the day as at night.

As soon as a child is found in the cradle it is registered in a book kept for that purpose, with the consecutive number that belongs to it ; and if any name is left with the child, that also, is recorded. If no name is left, the Sisters give it one, which is recorded. Anything sent with the child is carefully preserved, and marked with the child's name and number. A ring, a piece of ribbon, a note, with the corner torn off, to be presented for recognition and identification at a future time, the clothes of the child—all are preserved.

No nurse is allowed to take charge of a child unless she brings a doctor's certificate as to her health, etc. ; and she must bring the child entrusted to her to the Home twice a month, that the Sisters may see its condition. Besides, the nurses are visited by the Sisters at irregular times for the same purpose.

In the circular issued by the Sisters they say :

"For many years—indeed, since the Sisters first came to New York—applications for the reception of abandoned children have been frequently made at their houses, which they were compelled to refuse. The applicants, however, thought they had claims on the Sisters of Charity, and unfortunate mothers often left helpless infants at their doors. The Sisters have heretofore been forced to send such children to the Almshouse, where, no doubt, such care as was possible has been bestowed on them.

"In this Institution, the Sisters, with the assistance of Almighty God, confidently hope not only to save the lives and redeem the souls of these poor little outcasts, but to put an end, in a great measure, to the crime of infanticide, which the records of our courts show to be increasing to an alarming extent. It is also hoped that the kind influence of the Sisters will bring many a hardened mother to a sense of duty and a proper regard for the dictates of humanity."

As to the direct influence of the Home, it may be mentioned that, before its establishment, the number of deserted children left in ash-barrels, areas, gutters, etc., in New York, was between one hundred and one hundred and fifty a month. The number now so found, left dead or to die, is hardly more than ten in a month.

The following named gentlemen have been elected as an Advisory Committee, and in reference to the erection of the new building : John Fox, A. Oakey Hall, Moses Taylor, Andrew Carnegie, Peter B. Sweeney, William F. Havemeyer, Robert J. Dillon, William M. Tweed, Walter Roele, Royal Phelps, Richard O'Gorman, Richard B. Connolly, and John J. Bradley. A large number of ladies, also, are interested in the Home, from whom its officers and Board of Managers are selected.

JOHNSTON, the leader of the late Orange procession, whose gallant bearing and imperturbable demeanor on that memorable occasion were for a time the theme of an admiring community, was a hack-driver by profession. He returned from that day's duty of conscience to find himself discharged by his unsympathizing employer. We learn that large and repeated contributions of money have been offered to him, which he has thankfully but firmly refused. He says : "He is not an object for charity, nor is he to be paid for a conscientious performance of his duty ! All that he wants is work, for he is fully able to earn his livelihood." We rather think he is ! Such talents are rare in these days of little honesty and less honor. Were he elected, think you the precedent would be bad, of permitting an Irishman—of the "rake old sort"—to fill the seat of a New York Alderman ?

MUSIC A LA JULLIEN is not meagre music, as one might so consider, from its being a Friday fare. It was thought that this entertainment would be an opposition to Thomas's concerts, alike damaging to both ; but the sequel has shown that, so different is the style of the performances, they appeal to quite different tastes, and both have found full attendance and compensation. It would seem that the light, brilliant and sparkling character

which Jullien has given to the Terrace-Garden Entertainments is especially adapted to the out-of-door and essentially festive character of a place where the chat of friends, the jingling of glasses, and the geniality of the occasion enable one to find the desired forgetfulness of business, the city heats, the choking dust, and the *ennui* incident to those compelled to pass their days and nights amid torrid terrors like Tartarus. Melody, birth, moonlight, music, love, and flowers, are the delightful ingredients to the *al fresco* delicacies of those concerts. Won't he give us his father's characteristic Katydid Polkas ?

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—Burghley House, at Stamford—King's College School Recitations—The Turret-Ship "Cyclops"—The Wimbledon Prizes.

The festivities of Wednesday and Thursday week, at Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, upon the occasion of his eldest son and heir, Lord Burghley, coming of age, were of more than local interest. This noble family is the elder branch of the lineage of that famous Elizabethan statesman Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley or Burleigh, whose younger son, Sir Robert Cecil, also the Chief Minister, after his father, of Queen Elizabeth and of James I., after her reign, is the founder of the Hatfield branch, that of the present Marquis of Salisbury. This stately mansion called Burghley House, about a mile from the town of Stamford, is a fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It was here, sometimes, but more frequently at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, that Queen Elizabeth used to visit her sagacious and zealous political servant. There is a beech tree, planted by Elizabeth's hands, still growing near the west side of the house ; not far from this is an oak planted by the hands of Queen Victoria. Our engraving presents a view of the grand old house, with the spacious marques erected on the lawn for the dinner, at which seven hundred guests sat down last week. "Burghley House, by Stamford Town" is a line of Tennyson's, which must have lingered, without question, in the memory of many a reader. It is to be found in his touching ballad-story of the rustic maiden, woed by an unknown lover, a wandering landscape-painter, as he seemed to be, and carried, in her sweet ignorance, as a trusting, loving bride, to this magnificent abode of her husband—only to faint and die amid the strange, unwelcome splendors of her new position. There is said to be some foundation of fact for this tale, in the marriage of Henry Cecil, tenth Earl and latterly first Marquis of Exeter, in 1791, to Sarah Hoggins, daughter of Thomas Hoggins, yeoman of Bolsover, in Stropshire.

Our illustration of the King's College School Recitations represents the famous scene in the *Pax of Aristophanes*, where Trygous mounts to Olympus on his Horse-Beetle in order to seek Peace among the gods. The acting of Gow as Trygous, and Müller and Pinkney as War and Tumult, showed scholarship as well as humor. Three little fellows from the lower school, Collymore, Jones and Carr, represented Ereine, Opora, and Theoria, and Scallion was an active Hermes. Among the other pieces played was a scene from the familiar "Rivals," rendered with marvelous spirit, by three boys, apparently each about ten years of age (Powell, Christophers, and Bomford), and who, in their Louis XVI. costumes, looked like crisp bits of old Dresden. The accessories of the whole performance were far more elaborate than are usually seen on like occasions. The Bishop of Gloucester, who presided, spoke warmly of the good condition of the school, sufficiently attested by the fact announced by Mr. Maclear, the head master, that the numbers have increased by about one hundred in the last year.

The turret-ship *Cyclops*, one of four lately ordered by Her Majesty's Government for the defense of the home ports, has just been successfully launched at the works of the Thames Shipbuilding Company, at Blackwall. The *Cyclops* is a twin screw double-turret-ship, with a hull 225 ft. in length ; extreme length, 238 ft., and 45 ft. beam ; with a monitor deck ; and belt of armor 7 ft. deep, in two strakes the upper one being 3 in. and the lower 6 in. thick amiships. The depth of her hold is 16 ft. 2 in., and her burden 2,107 tons. Fore and aft above the hull is a raised breastwork, 117 ft. long by 34 ft. wide, plated with 6 ft. 6 in. depth of armor, varying in thickness from 8 to 9 in., and a teak backing from 9 to 11 in. besides an under-plate of skin 1½ in. in thickness. This breastwork, which has a flying deck above it, protects the engine and the machinery for working the turrets, which are built at each end, and are plated with 9 in. of armor, thickened to 10 in. the way of the ports. Each of her turrets contains two 18-ton guns, capable of firing projectiles of 400 lbs. weight.

The ceremony of giving the prizes to the best shooters, at the National Rifle Association's meeting on Wimbleton Common, was performed July 22d, by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne ; and we have an illustration of this scene. Mr. Humphreys, of Cambridge, was winner of the Queen's prize of £250, and champion shot of Great Britain for this year. The pre-entation of the prizes, at half-past three on Saturday afternoon, was in a pavilion over a raised stage in front of the Grand Stand. The Princess was accompanied by her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, and by Prince Arthur, who wore his uniform as Colonel of the London Irish. Earl and Countess Spencer, the Marquis of Westminster, Countess Ducie, and Lady Constance Grosvenor, with the Earl of Ducie, President of the National Rifle Association, were near Her Royal Highness. The prize-winners were successively called up by Lord Ducie and introduced to the Princess, who handed them such of the prizes as were not too bulky and heavy for a lady to lift.

Vincennes.—Explosion of the Cartoucherie.

The horrors of Communist burnings and devastations had hardly ceased at Paris when an accidental explosion came to increase the terror of the inhabitants, and make them feel that their splendid city was the sport of Fate as well as of wicked men. This accident was at the Cartoucherie, at Vincennes. Close to the large, pale donjon which the tourist sees so conspicuously relieved against the dark forest of Vincennes on the eastern boundary of Paris, was a building which, since the Versaillist occupation of Paris, had been used for storing projectiles of various kinds. It was in emptying a quantity of cartouches upon a heap of the same missiles that the explosion was developed, although care was taken during the operation to water the pile. The effect was formidable. Three detonations, at intervals of some seconds, were heard, and projectiles of every species were soon flying through the air in the midst of a spreading canopy

of smoke. The villages of Vincennes and Saint-Mandé were immediately depopulated, their inhabitants flying into Paris on the wings of terror. The number of wounded, at first greatly exaggerated, were found at the inquest to amount to twenty-five—a chief and sub-chief manufacturer being among them ; only four of these cases resulted fatally.

France.—Deputies at Versailles—Delivering the Indemnity at Strasbourg.

During the occupation of Paris by the Communists, the deputies at Versailles made a bedchamber of the magnificent Gallery of Mirrors, in the Palace of Louis XIV. What would the grand-chamberlain of the Grand Monarch have thought to see the superb periques of the *grand siècle* replaced by the cotton nightcap of Jérôme Patutot ; modern parliamentarians making their toilets in the gallery where the greatest men under the golden age of the Bourbons paid their court ; and modern deputies changing their boots calmly in the very hall where the Sun-king used to appear to his humble courtiers robed in gold and silk !

Strasbourg has been chosen by Prussia as the place of delivery and verification of the indemnity of war. At the Strasbourg succursale of the Bank of France are carried on the operations of receiving, counting, and verifying. One part of the indemnity is paid in German money, coin, and paper—for a hundred thousand francs in German money had been distributed, during the occupation, in the departments held by the foreigners. The greater part of the indemnity, however, is paid in French five-franc pieces. The sums arrive at the branch Bank of France in Strasbourg under military escort.

Paris.—Crowning the Bust of Auber.

The Opéra-Comique at Paris, whose repertory is full of his works, celebrated Auber's memory on the evening of July 15th in the Salle Favart, by crowning the bust of the composer at the hands of all the singers of the theatre. The same day, at noon, the obsequies of Auber took place in the Church of the Trinity, the *benedictus* of Auber being sung by M. Bouhy. At two o'clock the coffin was borne out of the church, and conveyed past the Grand Opéra and Opéra-Comique to Montmartre. At the grave seven discourses were pronounced, the most eloquent being that of Alexandre Dumas.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

DAVY CROCKETT's grandson is an Indiana peanut merchant.

VICTOR HUGO is worth two million francs, and yet is almost a monomaniac for fear of coming to want.

At the University at Leipsic fourteen, and at that of Berlin, sixty-seven Americans—both North and South—are studying at present.

MAJOR POWELL, after doing 300 miles of Colorado cañons, has returned to Salt Lake to rejoin his family, having met thus far with not a single mishap.

It cost the Prussian Government 2,000,000 francs to get up their military map of France, which surpassed even that in the possession of the general staff of the French army.

CHARLES GAYAN DUFFY, the new Premier in Victoria (Australia), once took a leading part in Irish politics, and was a member of the British Parliament. He founded the Dublin *Nation*.

AH SING, AH HAY, AH EAT, AH YOEY, AH TUCK, AH YONCK, AH KNEY and AH KING, cigar manufacturers, of San Francisco, have all been fined and imprisoned for violating the Revenue laws.

REV. F. E. HALE, "Oliver Optic" and Virginia F. Townsend will appear on the lecture platform, next Winter, in a new specialty—stories written expressly for the platform, and not to appear in print.

The Emperor of Germany has conferred on Mr. William Howard Russell, LL.D., the "Iron Cross" of the "Second Class," with the White Ribbon, in recognition of his services as special correspondent of the London *Times*.

A CHARCOAL man and his wife, who belonged to the Commune, escaped the vigilance of the police by the happy device of a thorough washing. The dangle was too perfect unluckily, for they have been looking for each other ever since.

THE VETERAN REVOLUTIONIST Mazzini, speaking of Carl Marx, the founder of the International Society, says : "He is a man of great tact, but, like Proudhon, his mind is irresolute. He is domineering and jealous, and has neither strong philosophic nor religious convictions. Hatred of wrong, rather than for his fellow-men is his ruling passion."

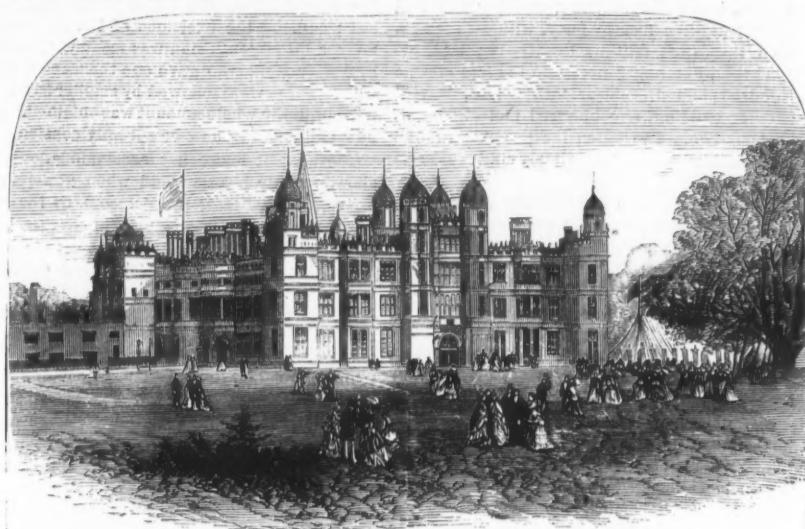
MISS PUTNAM, says the *Figaro*, the daughter of the well-known New York publisher, who for several years has attended the courses of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, recently passed her examination with the greatest credit, receiving the personal compliments of the examiners, and the highest marks of approval. The Faculty confers upon students.

THE PARIS PAPERS STATE THAT THE COMMITTEE OF ENGINEERS APPOINTED TO REPORT UPON THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TUNNEL ACROSS THE CHANNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE HAVE ACCEPTED THE PLAN OF M. THOME DE GRAMOND, AND THAT THE WORKS WILL SOON BE COMMENCED—ON THE ONE SIDE AT DIEPPE, AND ON THE OTHER AT NEWHAVEN. THE COST OF THE WORK IS ESTIMATED AT \$45,000,000, AND SIX YEARS WILL BE REQUIRED FOR ITS COMPLETION.

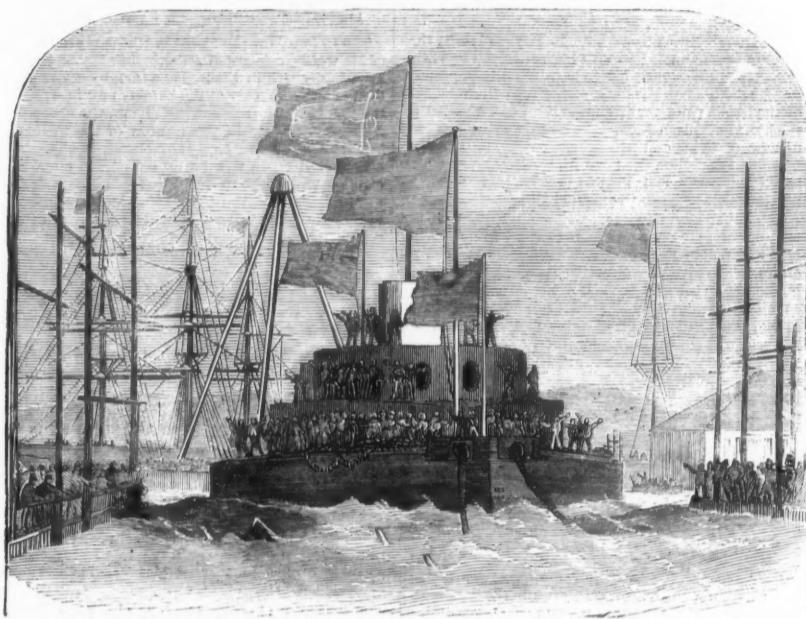
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—RECITATION DAY AT KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL—THE SCHOLARS REPRESENTING A SCENE FROM ARISTOPHANES.



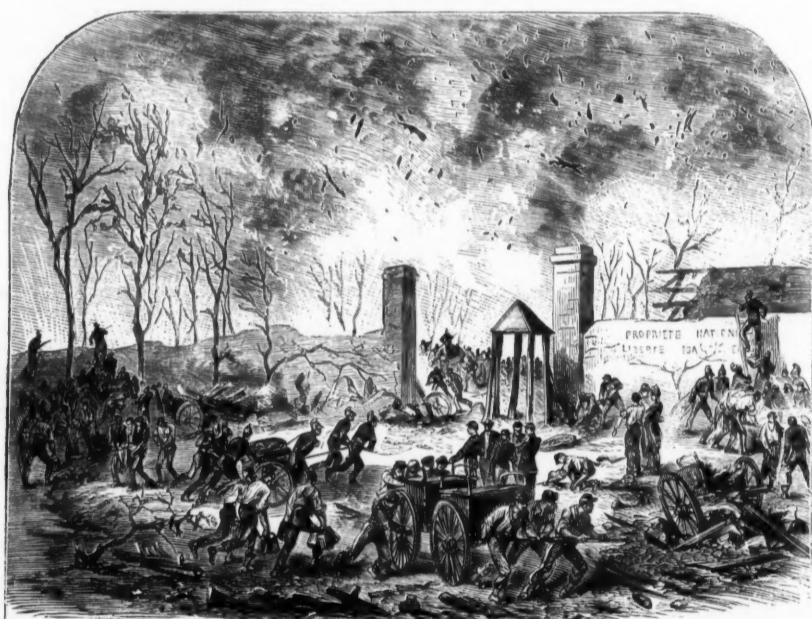
ENGLAND.—BURGHLEY HOUSE, NEAR STAMFORD, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF EXETER.



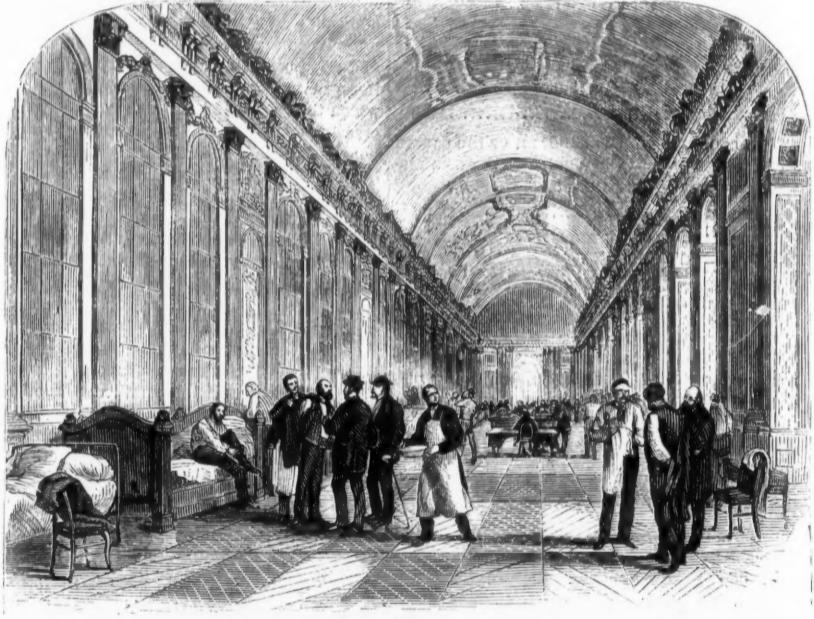
ENGLAND.—LAUNCH OF H. M. TURRET-SHIP "CYCLOPS" AT BLACKWALL.



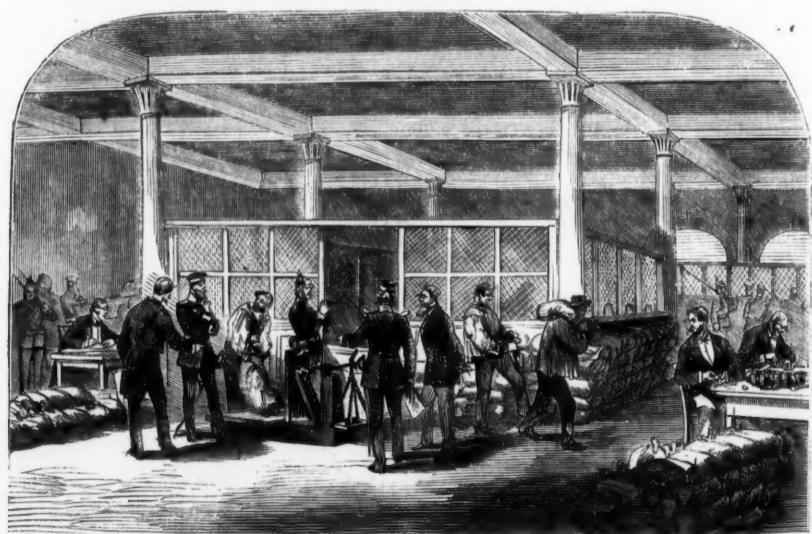
ENGLAND.—THE VOLUNTEERS' CAMP AT WIMBLEDON—PRINCESS LOUISE PRESENTING THE PRIZES.



FRANCE.—EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE OF AMMUNITION AT VINCENNES.



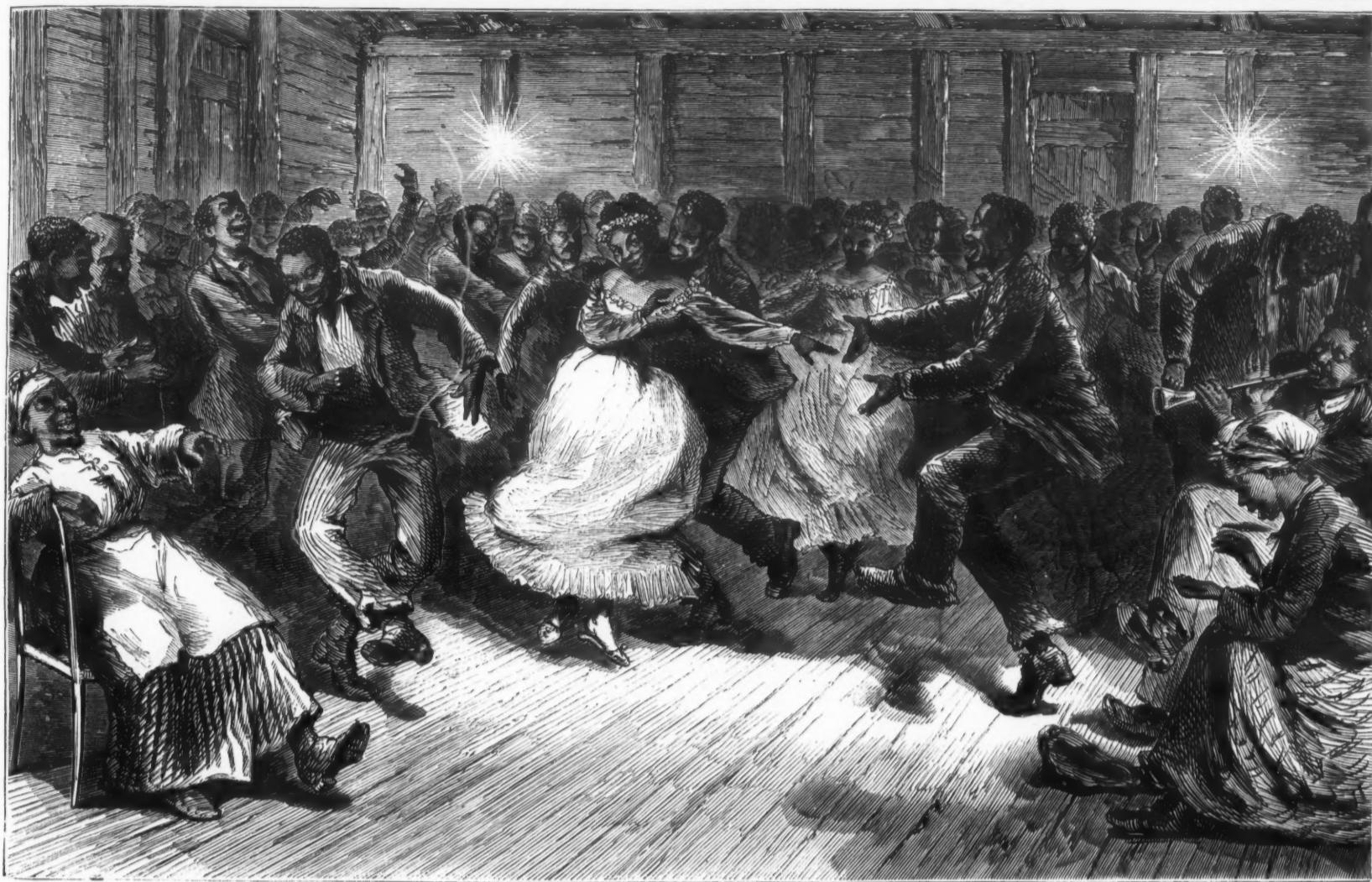
FRANCE.—THE GALLERY OF MIRRORS AT VERSAILLES USED AS A BED-ROOM BY THE DEPUTIES DURING THE COMMUNIST REVOLT AT PARIS.



STRASBOURG.—DELIVERING THE FIRST FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF THE FRENCH INDEMNITY AT THE SUCCURSAL OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.



PARIS.—CROWNING THE BUST OF AUBER AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE, ON THE DAY OF HIS FUNERAL, JULY 15TH.



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—THE BALL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



L. C. RUTTER, "THE BOY-PREACHER."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACBRIDE, ALLEGHENY, PA.

THE REV. L. C. RUTTER.

The Rev. Mr. Rutter, more familiarly known as "the boy preacher," is one of the most earnest advocates of the Temperance cause in this country. For many months he has been laboring in Ohio, and his eloquent appeals have already produced a hearty salutary effect. He is about twenty years old, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and was graduated at Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1868.

After graduating at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, he was licensed to preach, and soon afterward was installed pastor of the churches of Salem and Caldwell, Noble County, Ohio, but a little over a year ago. Besides his other labors, he has regularly preached for both congregations very acceptably up to the present time.

Soon after his ordination he observed that the greatest obstacle to the success of his ministerial efforts in this county was the existence, at almost every village, of a grog-shop—some twenty or more then in the county. He

at once went to work to organize in every township a temperance society on the open-door-no-secret plan. He rode all over the county, lecturing wherever he could find a house open and half-a-dozen to listen to him. He presented the pledge to all he met; it was signed by hundreds. Soon the county was completely organized. Aroused thoroughly, the people, by moral suasion, and by enforcing the civil and criminal penalties of the liquor law, quickly closed every liquor shop in the county. And such is the state of public opinion to-day, that no man dare open a whisky shop in that vicinity.

A WEDDING AT THE COUNTRY PARSON'S.

A CEREMONY, under the present circumstances, anything but solemn! There is a broad grin on the face of the bouncing widow, who has at last, *à la* Mrs. MacStinger, brought her victim, bound hand and foot and guarded by her two children, into the presence of his clerical executioner. The executioner himself is struggling with inward mirth. A ripple of laughter is stealing across the prim face of the clergyman's wife; and the young fellow at the window is basking in the light of her daughter's sunny smile.

The unhappy bridegroom, however, is stolid enough to counteract the merriment of the entire company, and looks so rigid, so unhappy, so bewildered, so awkward, so evidently unwilling to be launched into the eternity of matrimony, that Hymen himself might take

pity upon him and revoke his cruel sentence. If we mistake not, the young couple at the open window would willingly change places with the uncouth pair now up for sentence.

THE LATE ZOUAVE JACOB.

By a dispatch last week we learn that Jacob, the Zouave, who cured paralysis and wrought other miracles, who was followed by thousands whenever he went anywhere, was shot as a traitor and spy during the war. He belonged to the twentieth corps of the Army of the Loire. He went daily for three months to the German camp to give information. He was detected at last and shot.

The story of this miraculous healer, who four or five years ago was the talk of all France, was thus given in a Spiritualistic organ of the day:

"Jacob was a Zouave and musician playing upon the trombone while in the army. Having avoided intoxicating drinks, soldiers' slang, and other vices common to military life, and withal being very kind-hearted, he was exceedingly popular in the ranks of his fellow-soldiers. He was nearly six feet high, had black hair, dark hazel eyes, regular features, and a head rounding up in the coronal region, something like that of A. J. Davis. He was about forty years of age, and in religion nominally a Catholic. He saw spirits, felt their presence, and, guided by their inspiration prayed to them and God. Some twelve years since, while marching through the streets of Paris with his regiment, he saw a poor crippled child being drawn in a carriage

THE ZOUAVE JACOB—SHOT AS A PRUSSIAN SPY IN THE LATE WAR.

by its parents. The child had not put its feet to the ground since it was two years of age. An irresistible influence seized Jacob, he went to the child, and placing his hands on it, said firmly, 'Get up and walk,' which, to the joy and astonishment of the parents, it did. Hundreds who were standing near witnessed this. The next day a score came to him, all of whom were healed or improved."

The French are an excitable people. Soon hundreds flocked to him daily from all ranks of society, troubled with "all manner of diseases." Impossible to receive the crowds in the barracks, a friend, M. Dufuget, a prominent citizen and merchant in Rue de Lu Roquese, opened his house and workshop for the reception of sufferers. The throngs increased to 20,000 a day. This blocking the streets, he was warned to desist. Not heeding the policeman's authority, he was thrust into prison—all of which might have been expected in Imperial France! Through influence he was soon released, and with persecution his "gift" appeared to cease.



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MAKING THE BED.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TOLD TO MY DARLING.

YES, I am withered and gray, darling,
Old and withered and gray,
And you ask me to tell you why, darling,
Ask me to tell you to-day.

'Tis a story of long ago, darling,
Ere wrinkles were on my brow,
And my eyes could shine as bright, darling,
As bright as yours do now.

I loved with a passionate love, darling,
One I believed was true;
I trusted the burning words, darling,
He whispered my heart to woo.

And he took an Eastern wife, darling,
A woman with hoards of gold,
And little recked of this heart, darling,
Or his troth that he falsely sold.

As much as I loved him before, darling,
I madly hated him then,
For a woman's heart when deceived, darling,
Can rage like the fiercest men.

But the years flew on apace, darling,
Years that heal many a pain;
And when I was trying to forget, darling,
My poor heart was wounded again.

For I heard he was coming home, darling,
Heard he was coming to die,
And when I thought of the past, darling,
I could hardly stifle a sigh.

But he drooped and died in my arms, darling,
His hand lay clasped in mine.

And for comfort he left me a child, darling,
Instead of his own heart—thine.

Yes, his daughter thou art, my darling,
His and his Orient bride,
And the home of thy birth is afar, darling,
Far o'er the ocean wide.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.

BY ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

"When I lived in Tennessee,
I went courtin' Rosa Lee;
Her eyes was dark as Winter night,
Lips as red as berries bright!
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, 'Now don't be foolish, Joe!'"

WOOING and wedding, the common law to which common and uncommon humanity inevitably yield obedience some time in their lives—that blends with it a charm so inexhaustible we never grow too old to feel its influence! Whether it be prince or pariah, plebeian or patrician, in high or low estate, weddings are always interesting, whatever color or complexion they represent.

Especially among the peculiar people of whom I am writing were such events cherished as the *Ultima Thule* of pleasure, grandeur, fun and frolic. Speaking from long observation and experience, the incidents related are real, not imaginary—fact, not fiction. Surrounded with slaves from infancy, they formed part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture loses half of its reality.

They watched our cradles, they were the companions of our sports; their hands assisted our bridal decorations, and tenderly wrapped us in our shrouds. And so, in turn, we endeavored to promote their pleasure at weddings and Christmas frolics, cared for their needs in sickness, and frequently sustained them through the last dread agony.

There were preliminary steps of official form necessary before the wedding festivity could be properly conducted. For instance, the consent of the master and mistress was courteously asked, as well as that of the parents on both sides; also, the sanction of the Church.

When the plantation beau had succeeded in persuading some gushing girl to take him "for better, for worse" (mostly the latter), he speedily presented himself before his master, and thereupon a ludicrous scene would ensue, somewhat in this wise:

Saturday night, a favorite time, the family supper over, household grouped around a table in the library, elderly gentleman in spectacles seated in a dignified arm-chair, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper—rappings, not spiritual, at the door, which a daughter opens quickly, evidently, from the expression of her face, posted in regard to the mission of the party desiring to enter; some whispering with smothered laughter; and then, acting as advanced guard, she says:

"Papa, James wants to see you particularly."

Paterfamilias looks up vacantly over his spectacles, finally catches the idea, and replies, still digesting the news:

"I reckon I know what he is after. Let him come in, and behave yourself, Nellie! Don't laugh, or he'll not get through for an hour."

This with an admonitory shake of the head at the irrepressible daughter, who is evidently bent on mischief.

Just then the door slowly opens, and Jim's or Jeems as he is called, pops his head through the door, followed by the rest of him, which represents, on the whole, a fair specimen of his race, a genuine Cuffy, very dark as to complexion, very curly as to hair, with features to correspond. He makes a low bow, accompanied by a spasmodic clutch at his forelock, followed by an insane attempt to dodge into the crown of his hat, which the hat but partially permits. He stammers, breathes hard, rolls up his eyes, grins as if afflicted with St. Vitus' dance, utters a convulsive chuckle, looks as if he would like to retire rapidly anywhere, and finally, after a desperate effort, blunders out, "Massa, me an' 'Mella (dodges behind the hat again) has 'cluded to get married, if you has no 'jections;" and having successfully effected this climax, Jeems expands into a grin like a facetious gorilla, showing a shining set of grinders of unequalled ivory, then plucking up courage, continues, "I've got a 'spectable character an' de proper 'avior an' conductment, an'

"Melia's famby has gin dere consent, pervidin' you say de same, massa." At this point Jeems executes another bow of a very elaborate character, and clutches the front lock of wool most energetically. Old gentleman looks benevolent, and says, "Well, James, I have no objection; you have always given me satisfaction; Amella is a good girl, you will do well, and I hope make her a kind husband."

"Thank you, massa; de Lord knows I've gwine to 'scuse me, I'm much obliged;" and he straightens up, expands ecstatically, and makes his exit with a final flourish. Arriving at the servants' hall, Jeems boisterously announces his triumphant success, cuts various capers of exuberant excitement, and makes a tremendous swell rehearsing the interview with "ole massa" in original fashion. "Yah, ha! Dis here darky's a whole team, he is; takes him to argufy and 'spuds de questions 'cordin' to law; he knows a thing or two, he does—yah, ha! didn't me an' massa 'scuss de facs ob de case ober superfluous like; I tell you we did. Dat darky from ober Mass Allen's plantation cum sparklin' 'Melia—thort he was gwine catch her; fool, he was, couldn't come it nary time!" At this point Jeems, in ecstasies, frisks off to seek his 'Melia, singing as he goes snatches of an old song:

"De bess-lookin' feller in de county, oh!
My old massa tole me so,
I look in de glass an' foun' 'twas so,
Jes as massa tole me, oh!"

The engagement being duly announced by consent of all parties, there at once began elaborate preparations for a big wedding, which, if the bride-elect happened to be a housemaid—this class being considered *par excellence* the upper-tendom of darkydom, then the projected festival became a most important affair, in which the white family were much interested, especially the young lady whose *fille de chambre* the girl might be; many handsome articles little worn being selected from the mistress's wardrobe for her maid's trousseau.

There were various commissions for city purchases on a modest scale, for the word fashion was not unknown among slaves. Though the vase might be colored differently, there were the same feminine foibles developed in greater or less degree, according to character and intelligence. A wide or narrow check was all important in the turban handkerchief or apron; and an observer might readily detect among them the peculiarities which distinguish higher society.

The plantation belle was in some sort the capricious creature who trades the boards of a city ball-room; the respectable matron of the field held a similar range of influence with her who presides and dictates in polished circles; the sable beau assumed the dandy's air of conscious exquisiteness, and the most intelligent were the ruling spirits that led the mass, as elsewhere. So it came about, when this particular wedding was in prospect, there were great preparations and much jollification both among blacks and whites, in anticipation of the event. All the finery that could be spared from our toilets was in requisition; there was culling over of wardrobes; ransacking of those ancient institutions called bandboxes; artificial flowers, ribbons, and tinsel ornaments were eagerly sought after, to provide the incessant demand for headresses—they being considered a *sine qua non* of the toilet required for the occasion.

At last the eventful Saturday night arrives—this day of the week being always selected, to give them opportunity of rest on Sunday, or of keeping up the frolic in more subdued form, if they desired it on that day. A large room, used as a laundry, adjoining the kitchen, had been prepared for the festival—dressed with evergreens—the tin candlesticks around the wall polished to extreme brightness, and decorated with sprigs of holly—the floor nicely scrubbed, and benches placed around the walls, which were freshly whitewashed. Another room was similarly prepared for the meat supper; the cake, lemonade, etc., were usually handed on waiters to the company. Guests from the plantations adjoining assembled in force, and at a late hour the ceremony took place. The bride's dress was carefully arranged, the wreath and vail being adjusted by the hands of her young mistress. The white family were called to witness the nuptials, and as they entered, the bride and groom with their attendants rose, formed in line, and a colored man—the religious leader—stepped forward to perform the service. He held a book in his hand, as he could read a little, and liked the imposing effect of appearing educated. Nothing daunted by the crowd, or the presence of his master's family, he began with a prayer, followed by an exhortation to the pair now before him on their duties in the new relation they were about to enter upon; then, turning to the groom, he said solemnly: "Jeems Jeffusson, is you bin gwine marry dis woman for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says Jeems, bowing half to the preacher and half to the bride in great gravity.

"Melia Melindy," says the reverend questioner to the woman, "is you bin gwine for marry dis man for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says 'Melia Melindy, with a modest courtesy, upon which he proceeded to join their right hands. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, who had been previously drilled in their parts, came forward to draw the gloves, succeeding admirably with the bride's; but, alas, Jeems's glove would not come—it was clinging white cotton, and held tenaciously. Poor Jeems looked the very image of helplessness, and gazed angrily at the rebellious glove as if he longed to tear it off; but etiquette forbade. His arm was extended, his palm open with a kind of spasmodic motion, as the first bridesmaid tugged at the forefinger. By degrees the others came up, till there was one tugging at each digit, while a sixth directed; but the more they pulled, the more that glove "would not stay pulled." At length the girls

began to giggle; the crowd with difficulty suppressed their laughter; the bride first began to titter, and finally lost patience, exclaiming: "Pull it off yourself, Jeems, anyway." But the superintendent of the ceremony waved her off solemnly; and after picking a while longer at the thumb and fingers, the tenacious glove yielded, and by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," Jeems's brawny hand was laid bare, and grasped the more delicate one of 'Melia, after which the ring was placed on her finger, and the preacher concluded as follows: "An' now, in de name of de blessed Lord, I pournounces you man an' wife, an' wishes you many happy returns. Salute de bride." Upon which the lips of Jeems Jeffusson resounded on those of 'Melia Melindy like the report of a Christmas cannon.

After shaking hands with the happy couple, and wishing them a bright future, the white people retired, leaving the company to unrestrained enjoyment. Looking in at the supper-room, there was a temporary table formed of extended boards covered with a white cloth, and well supplied with substantials, such as roast fowls, ham, corned beef, mutton; and, conspicuously rampant, a roast pig, standing on his four feet in a dish full of potatoes, a string of sausages ornamenting his neck, around which they formed a savory chain, and an apple between his teeth. His grin was grotesquely horrible. That particular pig seemed to feel that the author of the Essays of Ella had not misrepresented his merits.

Until nearly dawn of day the frolic continued. We could hear, when wakings in the night, the merry murmur of voices, shouts of laughter, with the sound of shuffling feet, mingled confusedly with the squeak of fiddles and the jingle of triangles, until at last they ceased, and the crowd retired in a state of sheer exhaustion.

The illustration on page 388 evidently represents quite a *distingué* affair, bride and attendants in full dress, with wreaths of full-blown roses on their heads, and smiles on their full-blown lips. The bridegroom's countenance has a painful tooth-ache expression, or else he apprehends that future henpecking hangs over his devoted head, though the demure young woman at his side now appears so eminently amiable. There may be lurking under this harmless exterior possibilities that will develop into a future Xantippe.

Holding on to their instruments, the musicians sit solemnly contemplating the scene, while conspicuous in the group, near the fire, we see a fellow with side-whiskers and smirking countenance, evidently a "heavy swell" gotten up without regard to expense.

Another very domestic group on the opposite side seem to have dropped in sociably, without their "store-clothes"—old man leaning on his cane, swallowing the whole affair with intense satisfaction; while his old woman, with mouth agape and staring eyes, resolutely grasps her kicking, squalling baby, who resembles a galvanized monkey or an infant orang-outang on "a rampage." Some youth of aspiring mind, bearing a family resemblance to a mommy, has climbed into a window-sill, and from this agreeable altitude enjoys a clear view of the whole room. The parson devotes himself earnestly to his business, and a lady of com placent countenance looks over from another corner, while all is "merry as a marriage-bell."

Next illustration presents a delirious scene, wherein, à la Doesticks, the entire company seem to be on a "regular bender," having a high old frolic, in animated and energetic fashion; the very madness of revelry has taken possession of the crowd—the dance has become a romp set to music.

In the centre of the picture we see the belle of the ballroom, who has evidently been attacked in the rear and captured by some enterprising admirer, who seeks to hold her *vis à vis*, while the struggling damsel extends her hands pleadingly to the favored one rushing to her rescue, like another Theseus following his Ariadne. How he prances and leaps, one foot poised high in air, the other on tiptoe, as with arms extended ready to press the subject and squeeze the object, he advances at "double quick," his mouth wide enough open for her to jump down his throat by mistake for a cellar-door. He bears the voice of his beloved, not in altogether dulcet tones, exclaiming, "Lem me go, I tell you, Billy! or I'll kick you rite in yer moufe presently; you's de sassiest nigger (always used as an opprobrious epithet) I ebber did see; you needn't spose I wants any ob yer huggin', when I'se got Jeems for betterer for worser; he's jus' de prettest darky in dese diggins; of you don't lem me go he'll knock you down presently; take yer ugly old face away from here, or I'll jus' gouge yer eyes out—I will; don't be flinging yer arms bout dis chile—she dun spilted for life to somebody else; go long, I tell yer;" and with this she gives a vigorous shove and sends the impudent aggressor on Jeems's property reeling across the room, the delighted husband clasping her willing waist, and joining in hearty guffaws at his discomfited antagonist, who is picking himself up off the floor, looking very sheepish and insignificant.

There is Juba, doing the double-shuffle, with his coat-tails at an angle of forty-five degrees, very much as if the "devil was in his heels," as Pompey premised; near him an ancient matron, throwing herself back, heels and hands elevated in an agony of amusement at her opposite neighbor, who seems solemnly absorbed, keeping time to the music. "Look at dat ole fool dar," she shouts to any one who listens, "Lord! how she pat de foots an' claps her hands; catch me takin' all dat trouble. Yah ha! Ain't you gittin' tired ober dar, Sukey? Want me to help you, gal?"

"I feels like de mornin' star—I does, fur shure. Tell dat feller he better stop tootjn' out ob dat horn he got. Yah ha! he don't take kere, he'll blow heseif away presenly, or buss

up for sartin, see ef he don't;" and at this climax of her wit, she goes into such convulsions of laughter that she and the chair roll over together on the floor.

In the rear a chaotic crowd reel and surge in waves of insane merriment; one energetic fellow tears his partner's dress into hopeless rents, with his leap-frog style of dancing. Another, ignorant of the figures, runs after his girl in the style of an animated elephant, breathing like an asthmatic grampus, till at the order, "Partners round," with a puff and snort of congratulation he comprehends his acknowledged right to seize and whirl her in his arms. Time passes, not with leaden wings, but on flying feet; the madness, the intoxication of delight absorbs the revelers till they succumb to sheer exhaustion; some curl up in corners, but most of the beau—

"Dance all night till the broad daylight,
And go home with the girls in the morning."

The bedchamber of a bride is sacred, whether the newly-wedded maid be a queen upon her throne or a beggar-girl who has found at last some one to shelter her from poverty and temptation—so we intrude with hesitancy upon the privacy of 'Melia Melindy's.

'Melia's mammy, like most darkies, was blessed with a superabundance of heirs, and as the maternal mansion boasted but two bedsteads, our heroine had early forsaken the family bed for the floor, where, with the peculiar taste of her race, she was always able to find a plank as soft as a feathered nest close to the glowing hearthstone. As years went on, and she was promoted to her present rank of housemaid, her fondness for a lowly couch increased, and her favorite resting-place was the rug before her mistress's fire; there she slept peacefully, after the fashion of a faithful watch-dog, with one important exception: 'Melia was "awful 'raid of ghosts," and her blankets were always wrapped so tightly around her head when sleeping, that neither the sound nor air could penetrate the heavy folds.

But now that our sable friend has suddenly become the most interesting person on the plantation, to the female population of cabin and parlor, missis has taken down the extra bedstead in her own nursery, happily no longer needed there, and has presented it to the bride-elect with a barrel or two of her best duck and goose feathers. It has been placed in position by her father in the large, empty room next her mother's, and thither 'Melia retires and locks herself in to set her house in order for the important occasion. For a while she is annoyed by the shuffling of feet, mingled with smothered laughter, at the door; for her teasing companions are trying to peep in through the cracks between the planks; but our bride is a smart girl, and she coolly draws within the latch-string at which they are vigorously pulling, while she sends a broadside of sarcastic rebuke into the crowd with wondrous effect. "Go away, 'Tildy Jane; I knows what you arter; but 'tisn't no use. Go 'long and fix yer own weddin'-chamber, if you got any beau dat's wruth habbin'. Sukey! you better take yer eye away from dat rat-hole fore I poke my finger in it—den you can't roll it up at Jim no mo'. You tink I ain't seen! but I tell you what, I is seen the green monster big as a meetin'-house in dat pop eye of yours; and I knows you's got a hankerin' arter Jeems yourself. 'Tain't no use, eh; Brudder Zekiel the us together tonight so tight you can't teach him; go hang up yer fiddle, gal, and roll yer eyes at somebody else. As to you, Jemimy, you so ole and ugly you'll never get anybody to hab you, so you needn't want to know nuttin' 'bout brides and grooms. Go 'long, 'oman, and try and be reconciled to lib single all yer days—missis needn't save no feathers for you, though yer ole head is 'most white and foolish enuf to go partnership wid dat cackling goose in de yard dat done loss her mate. Polly Ann, 'tis quite ondecient for a young gal like you to be peepin' in de bride's room! Go home an' nuss your mommy's baby till you's ole enuf to go out and work in de field, den you can begin to tink 'bout beaux and weddins."

A faint attempt at a "don't care" laugh floated in through the cracks and rat-hole; and then the heavy tread of broad, flat feet was heard receding down the passage, and 'Melia remained in quiet possession of her sanctum. Her young lady had offered her services to assist in decorating this apartment, but she had dropped a deep courtesy, and declined the honor—only asking that her own work when completed should be inspected and commended.

"Monarch of all she surveys," she glances proudly around the neat room, and slowly begins her labor of love. From the heap of evergreens in a corner she selects the handsomest sprays of holly, cedar, and pine, and arranges them upon the narrow shelf over the huge fireplace. True, they were rather crowded, and were mingled in such disorder that it looked as if the different species of plants had disagreed as to their respective merits, and fallen into a general mêlée; but upon the whole, the dark-green leaves contrasted prettily with the white-washed wall, and the cracked vase in the centre was properly regarded by its owner as the crowning glory of the mantel. A mass of cedar was next thrown into the grimy chimney-place, where it formed a friendly screen for the sooty bricks, whose color reminded one unpleasantly of dark complexions. Two gaudy prints in dark-stained frames were hung upon the wall, and 'Melia gazed first with admiration at the lady-equestrian, in her blue-and-green riding-dress, and then with sympathetic emotion at the parting of a pair of disconsolate lovers, who looked stoically down at her from behind the shadow of a red handkerchief, intended to deaden the sound of a kiss the picture-lover was in the act of bestowing upon his companion's bright yellow cheek. Holly and cedar drooped over these interesting portraits, and fastened together the white cotton curtains that hung at the window. The floor is carefully swept, and then—with a sigh that sounded

like the escape of steam from a hoarse engine—"Melia turned to the bed.

She cautiously shakes up the mattress freshly filled with clean straw, tossing it up and catching it again in her strong arms, as if it was a moderate-sized base-ball; then with a caressing embrace she presses her beloved feather-bed to her bosom—throws it coquettishly from her—gathers it in her arms again—and again casts it away (like a large tabby cat playing with a helpless mouse), until it looks like an unsubstantial mountain. And finally, desisting from such violent exercise, she gently pats the resounding tick until the quivering mass subsides, a correct level is obtained, and sheets and coverlet of spotless whiteness hide the soft foundation from the view of the curious.

Ruffled pillow-cases now press into shape a bushel of goose-feathers, intended to support the thick skulls of the happy couple, so soon to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and Melia Melindy, like every other loving damsel, upon a similar occasion, dreams a joyous, innocent dream, as she smooths out the last wrinkle on the snowy counterpane.

Such reveries are perhaps regulated by the rank, education, disposition, or complexion of the dreamer. Let us listen for a moment to the *sotto-voce* soliloquy of our excellent blonde heroine, the excited state of whose mind can be imagined when we announce the fact that she had forgotten her blankets! Forgotten the blankets in which she nightly shrouded her crimped hair, whether the thermometer stood at 110° or at zero!

This matter of the blankets has remained an unfathomable mystery until this day, and no one has yet been able to explain how Melia slept without the night-cap, to which she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy.

'MELIA MELINDY'S SOLILOQUY.'

"Well, I 'spec I'll be mouty happy—dere ain't many culled folks like my Jeems—he ain't no fool, I tell you! He got sense in dat big head ob his, sure as you lib! I sartin' believe he gwine marry me for lub and not for money; case he know I ain't got nuthin' but my lock-chest mammy gib me, and all dose fine clothes Miss Nellie gib me. Ain't I got lots of head hankerclefs, though! Now, I jest think ob it! I'll gib Jeems one, sure as preaching, to tie up his head de next time he plait he har, dat I will! Twill look real affectionate, and I lub Jeems, I does. I'll be a good wife, and not bother him when he cross and tired. I'll bake he ash-cake and fry he meat and not say turkey. I don't care what de wimmin folks say 'bout my makin' lub-goose of myself. Jeems tell me he ain't got a simption ob respect for folks as go to interferin' 'twix man and wife, and I ain't got none neither; so we gwine our own way, and gwine to act sensible. Hi! what dat make me feel so curious like when I talk 'bout man and wife? Somethin' keep knockin' 'gainst my right side, jest like a bat thumpin' at de window night-times, when de fire burn bright. Yah ha! Jeems tell me he dun feel det 'motion' himself, and dat 'tis all de lub-fever. 'Melia, don't be a fool, gal; stop talking, and begin to dress yourself."

MYRTLE, THE GIPSY GIRL.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

At the extreme end of the village of Dosenheim, in Alsace, a few steps above the sandy footpath which leads to the wood, stands a pretty little house surrounded by fruit-trees, its flat roof laden with heavy stones, its gabled front projecting over the valley. Flights of pigeons are whirling about, hens scratching under the hedges; upon the little garden-wall is perched a cock whose crow is repeated by the echoes of the Falberg; two branches of a vine cover the front of the house and spread themselves out under the roof; staircase with wooden railing, on which clothes are hanging out to dry, leads up to the first story. Mount this staircase, and at the end of a short passage you come to the kitchen, with its plates and dishes and fat soup-tureens; open the door on your right, and you enter the large sitting-room, with its old oak furniture, its ceiling supported by heavy brown beams, its old-fashioned Nuremberg clock ticking the time.

A woman about thirty-five years old, wearing a closely-fitting bodice of black silk, and a black velvet cap with wide hanging ribbons, is sitting there spinning.

A man in plush coat and brown cloth breeches, with wide forehead and calm, thoughtful expression, is whistling to a fat, chubby-faced boy, and jumping him on his knee.

Such was the house of Bremer, and such were Bremer, his wife Catherine, and their little boy Fritz, in the year of grace 1820. I picture them to myself just as I have described them to you.

Christian Bremer had formerly served under Napoleon I. in the *chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard. After the year 1815, he had married Catherine, his old love, when she was no longer young, but still blooming and full of charm. With his own property, his house, four or five acres of vineyard, and the land which he got with Catherine, Bremer was one of the most well-to-do men in Dosenheim; he might have been mayor or deputy mayor, or municipal councilor if he had liked, but he did not care for these honors, and when he had done his day's work in the fields, his only pleasure was to take down his gun, whistle to his dog Friedland, and go for a turn in the wood.

Now one day, when he came back from shooting, he brought with him in his great game-pouch a little gipsy girl, lively as a squirrel and brown as a berry. He had found her at the foot of a tree, beside a poor gipsy woman, dead from fatigue, and perhaps from hunger.

Catherine cried out and protested against having the child; but Bremer, who was quite the master in his own house, simply announced

to his wife that the little one was to be baptized and given the name of Susan Frederica Myrtle, and was to be brought up with little Fritz.

Of course all the gossips in the village came by turns to look at the little gipsy, whose grave and thoughtful face astonished them. "She is not like other children," said they. "She is a little heathen—a regular little heathen! You can see by her black eyes that she understands everything. She is listening to us now. You had better take care, Master Christian; gipsies have hooked fingers. If you rear young seafarers, you may find one morning that your cock is throttled and your eggs all gone."

"Get along with you!" exclaimed Bremer, "and mind your own business. I have known Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Jews. Some had brown skins, some black, some red; some had hooked noses, some snub noses; and everywhere—yes, amongst all of them—I have found honest, worthy men."

"That might be," said the gossips; "but then all those people lived in houses, whereas gipsies live in the open air."

Bremer would hear no more; so he took the women by their shoulders and pushed them gently enough toward the door, saying, as he did so: "Go along, go along; I don't want any of your advice. It is time to attend to the farm, to clean out the stables and wash the floor."

The gossips were not, however, entirely in the wrong, as unhappily was proved twelve years afterward.

Fritz delighted to feed the cattle, and to take the horses to water; to go with his father to the fields to dig, or sow, or reap, or tie up the sheaves and then bring them in triumph to the village. To Myrtle, on the contrary, it was no pleasure to occupy herself usefully; she had no mind to milk the cows, or churn the butter, or shell the peas, or peel the potatoes. When she heard the girls of Dosenheim, as they were washing clothes of a morning in the stream that ran through the village, call her the "little heathen," she would look at herself complacently in the water, and seeing the reflection of her beautiful black hair, purple lips, and white teeth, she would smile and murmur to herself, "They call me the little heathen because I am prettier than the other girls," and, bursting into laughter, she would splash about in the water with the tip of her little foot.

Catherine noticed all these things, and complained bitterly.

"Myrtle," she would say, "is of no use for anything—she will do nothing. It is of no good for me to preach to her, or advise or reprove her; she does everything cross-ways. The other day, when we were arranging the apples in the fruit-loft, she took it into her head to bite all the finest to see if they were ripe! She likes to gobble up everything she can lay her hand on."

Bremer himself could not but perceive that the child had a touch of the heathen in her, and when he heard his wife calling out from morning till night, "Myrtle! Myrtle! where are you? Oh, the wretched child! Off she has run again to gather blackberries!" he would laugh and say to himself, "Poor Catherine, you are like a hen that has hatched duck's eggs; the little ones are in the water, she flies round and calls them, but they pay no heed!"

Every year, after the harvest was over, Fritz and Myrtle used to spend whole days far away from the farm, looking after the cattle. They sang, they whistled, they made a fire of dry stalks of hemp, and baked potatoes in the ashes, and when evening came, ran home down the stony hill, blowing trumpets made of bark.

These were Myrtle's happiest days. Seated by the fire, her beautiful brown head resting on her little hand, she would remain motionless for hours, as if lost in profound reveries. Flights of geese and wild ducks crossing the deserted skies seemed toadden her profoundly. She followed them with a long, long gaze into the limitless depths of the skies; then suddenly she would stand up, stretch out her arms and exclaim, "I must run off—I must—oh! I must run away."

Then she would bury her face in her lap and weep: Fritz, standing close beside her, wept too, and said: "Why do you cry, Myrtle? Who has been unkind to you? One of the village boys? Kaspar or William or Henry? Tell me. I will punish him. Only tell me."

"No."

"What makes you cry?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want to run up the Falberg?"

"No; that isn't far enough away."

"Where do you want to go, Myrtle?"

"Over there! Over there!" and she pointed far off beyond the mountains; "where the birds go!"

Fritz opened his eyes and mouth wide with astonishment.

One day they were together at the edge of the wood; the heat was so great, the air so still, that the smoke of their little fire, instead of rising in a gray column, spread itself out like water under the dried-up briers. It was nearly midday. The grasshopper had stopped its monotonous song; there was not the hum of an insect, not the whisper of a leaf, not the chirp of a bird. The oxen and cows, their eyelids closed, were lying in the shade of a large oak tree in the middle of the meadow, and from time to time one of them lowed in a melancholy heavy way, as if complaining.

Fritz had at first occupied himself plaiting the cord of his whip, but he, too, soon stretched himself out on the grass and put his hat over his eyes, and Friedland laid down beside him, yawning to the very ears.

It was only Myrtle who did not seem to feel the overpowering heat. Squatted close to the fire, her arms round her knees, in the full blaze of the sun, there she remained motionless, gazing with her large black eyes into the sombre colonnades of the forest.

Time passed slowly. The distant village clock struck twelve, one, two; still the Gipsy Girl did not move. Those woods, those bare

mountain-tops, those rocks and fir trees, seemed for her invested with something profound and mysterious.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I have seen that—it is a long time ago—a long time ago!"

All of a sudden, noticing that Fritz was sleeping soundly, she got up quietly and took to flight. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the grass; on she ran, up the hill. Friedland turned his head listlessly, and appeared for a minute to be about to follow her, then stretched himself out afresh, as if overwhelmed with weariness.

Myrtle now disappeared in the midst of the brambles which skirt the forest. With one jump she cleared the muddy ditch, in which a solitary frog croaked among the rushes.

In about twenty minutes she reached the crest of the Hollow Rock which overlooks the country of Alsace and the blue mountain-tops of the Vosges.

Then she turned round to look if any one was following her; there was Fritz, his hat over his eyes, still sleeping in the middle of the green meadow. Friedland, too, and the cattle under their tree.

Further off still she saw the village, the river, the roof of the farm, round which the pigeons were flying, distance making them look as small as swallows; she saw the winding street, and the red petticoats of some peasant women walking in it; she saw the little moss-grown church in which the good curé Niklausse had baptized and afterward confirmed her in the Christian faith. Then turning toward the mountains, she gazed at the numberless spires of the firs, crowded closely together on the slopes of the narrow valleys, like the blades of grass in the field.

As she contemplated this grand view, the young gipsy felt her chest dilate, her heart beat with an unknown force, and, resuming her course, she darted into a crevice carpeted with moss and ferns, in order to reach the herdsman's path across the woods.

Her whole soul, her savage nature, flashed out in her expression in a strange way; she seemed transfigured; with her little hands she clung to the ivy, and with her feet to the fissures of the rocks.

She soon set off again down the other slope of the mountain, running, bounding along, sometimes stopping suddenly and looking at some object—a tree, a ravine, an isolated pool, a patch of sweet-smelling grasses—as if half stupefied.

Although she did not remember having ever seen these thickets, these coppices, these heaths, at each turn of the path she said to herself, "I knew it!—the tree was here—the rock there—the torrent below!"

Although a thousand strange remembrances, like dreams, came into her mind, she did not understand them, could not explain them to herself. She had not yet said to herself: "What Fritz and the rest like I don't care for—the village, the meadow, the farm, fruit-trees in the orchard, cows to give milk, hens to lay eggs, provisions in the barn and the cellar, and a warm room in Winter; these things make them happy, but as for me, I don't want all this; for I am a little savage, a regular savage! I was born in the woods, like the squirrel on the oak, the hawk on the rock, the thrush on the fir tree." No, she had never reasoned thus; instinct alone guided her; driven by this strange impulse, at sunset she reached the plateau of the Kohle Platz, which is the place where the gipsies who are going from Alsace to Lorraine usually stop to pass the night, and hang up their pot in the middle of the heath.

Tired out, her feet all bruised, her little red petticoat torn by the brambles, Myrtle sat down at the foot of an oak.

For a long time she remained motionless, staring into space, listening to the roar of the wind amongst the tall fir trees, happy to feel herself alone in this solitude.

Night was coming on. Myriads of stars sparkled in the sombre depths of the sky; the moon rose, and the few birch trees scattered on the sides of the hill caught its silver rays.

Sleep began to overtake the young gipsy; her head was drooping, when suddenly she was awakened by shouts far off in the woods.

Listening attentively, she recognized the voices: Bremer, Fritz, and all the farm people were in pursuit of her.

Without a moment's hesitation, Myrtle darted deeper into the forest, and only stopped running from time to time that she might listen again. At last the shouts grew fainter.

Soon she heard nothing but the rapid beating of her heart, and she slackened her pace.

At last, very late, when the moon had set, and she was quite worn out with fatigue, she sank down amongst the heather and fell into a deep sleep; she was now twelve miles from Dosenheim, near the source of the Zinsel; she felt sure that Bremer would not extend his search as far as that.

It was broad daylight when Myrtle awoke to find herself alone on the Harberg, under an old fir tree covered with moss. A thrush was singing over her head, another was answering it from a long distance, far off in the valley.

The morning breeze was stirring the leaves, but the air, already warm, was laden with a thousand perfumes of ivy, mosses, and wild honeysuckle. The young gipsy opened her eyes quite amazed; she looked about her, and then remembering that she should not hear Catherine calling out, "Myrtle! Myrtle! where are you, wretched child?" she smiled, and listened to the song of the thrush.

She heard the murmuring of a spring close to her, and found she had only to turn her head to see the fresh water rushing along the rock and spreading itself out on the grass. An arbutus tree, laden with red berries, hung over the rock; beneath it grew a splendid aconite, with violet flowers spotted with white. Myrtle was thirsty, but she felt so lazy, and so contented to lie there listening to the sound of the

water and the singing of the thrush, that she was disinclined to disturb the harmony, and she let her pretty brown head fall back again, and smiling, looked up at the sky through her half-open eyelids:

"This is how I shall always be," she said to herself. "I am lazy; I know I am. God made me so!"

As she went on dreaming in this way, she pictured to herself the farm, with its cocks and hens, and then thinking of the eggs in the barn, hidden under a few blades of straw, she said to herself, "I wish I had got two eggs now—two hard-boiled ones, like Fritz had in his sack yesterday, and a crust of bread, and salt. But, pshaw! if one hasn't got eggs, blackberries and whortleberries are very good, too. Ah! I see some there," she exclaimed; "I see some."

She was right; there were lots of them on the heath.

In a few moments she noticed that the thrush had stopped singing, and, raising herself on her elbow, she saw the bird pecking one of the berries on the arbutus tree. She got up to drink some water out of the hollow of her hand, and noticed plenty of cress growing all about.

Then certain words she had heard from the curé Niklausse came to her mind; such a words had never happened to her before. The words were these:

"Consider the fowls of the air: they neither sow nor reap: which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them!"

"Consider the lilles of the field, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"If then God so feed the birds, and so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not so much more feed and clothe you?"

"O men of little faith! Take no thought for these things; for all these things do the heathen and the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of them!"

"Ah!" thought Myrtle, "when Mother Catherine used to call me a little heathen, I might well have made answer to her. It is you who are heathens, for you sow and reap, and we are good Christians who live as the birds of the air."

She had scarcely ended these wise reflections, when a noise of footsteps among the dry leaves made her lift up her head.

She was about to take to flight when a gipsy lad of eighteen or twenty years old, tall, slight, with brown skin, curly hair, sparkling eyes, and thick, broad lips, let himself slide down the rock, and, looking at her admiringly, exclaimed:

"Almani?"

"Almani!" replied Myrtle, with emotion.

"To what troop do you belong? Eh? Eh?" asked the young fellow.

"I don't know; I am searching."

Then she told him how Bremer had brought her up, and how she had escaped from his house the day before. Meanwhile, the young gipsy stood there smiling, and showing his white teeth.

"As for me," said he, throwing out his arm, "I am going to Hazlach; to-morrow is the day of the great fair, and all our troop will be there. Pfifer-Karl, Melchior, Fritz, the clarinet-player, and Conon-Peter. The women will tell fortunes, and we shall play music. If you like, come with me!"

"I should like very much," said Myrtle, casting down her eyes.

He then kissed her, put his sack upon her back, and taking his stick in both his hands, exclaimed, "Woman, you shall be mine! You shall carry my sack, and I will feed you. Now forward!"

And Myrtle, who had been so lazy at the farm, now stepped forward cheerfully. He followed her, singing and bounding along on his hands and feet, as joyous as could be.

Since that day nothing has been heard of Myrtle.

Fritz thought he should die if she did not come back; but in a few years he consoled himself for her loss by marrying Grede Dick, a daughter of the miller.

Catherine appeared quite contented, for Grede Dick was the richest heiress in the village.

Bremer only was still sad; he had ended by loving Myrtle as if she were his own child.

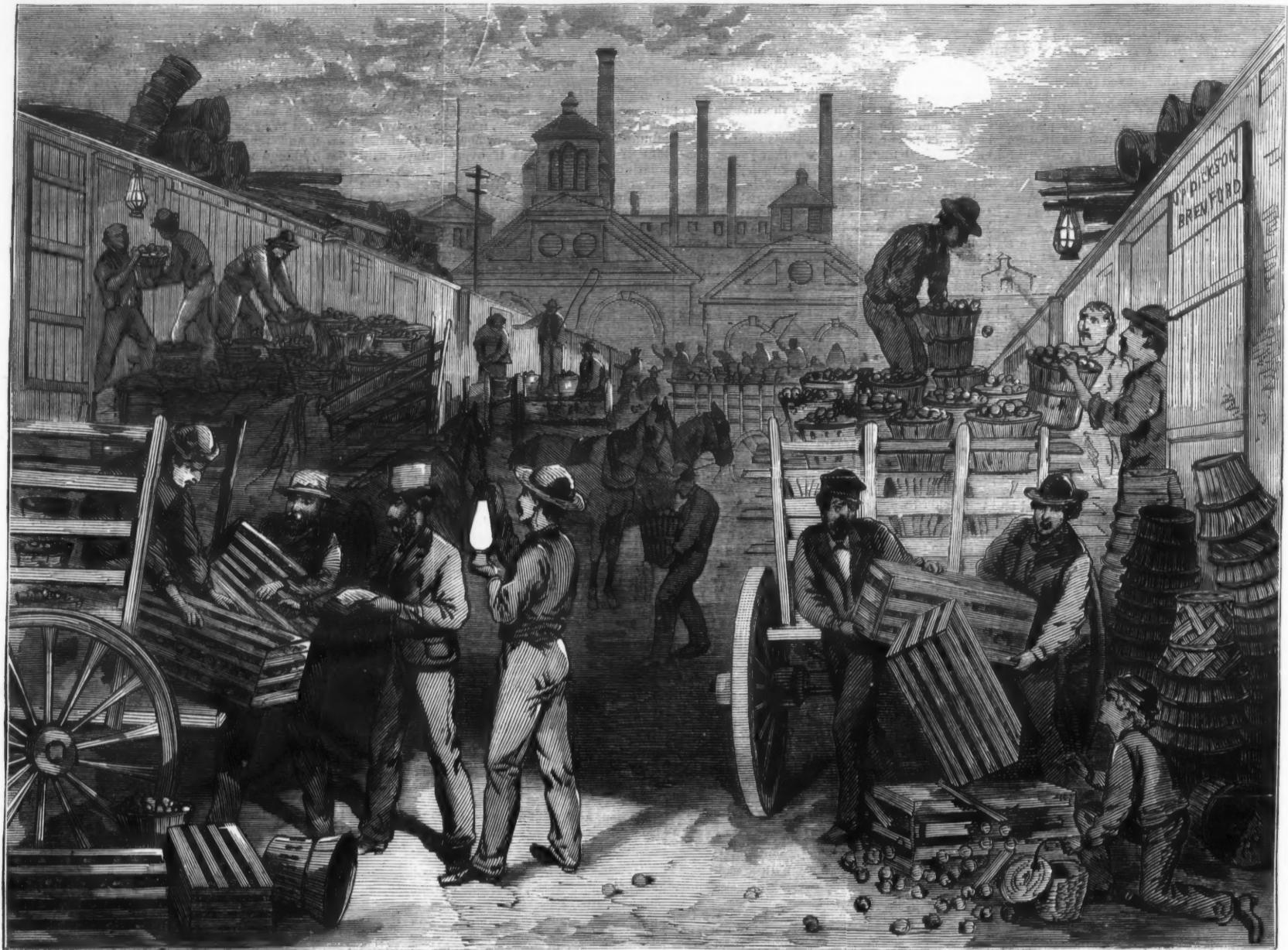
One winter's day, he was looking out of the window, and on seeing a gipsy woman in rags, with a sack on her back, crossing the valley, which was all blocked up with snow, he sat down, drawing a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, Bremer?" asked his wife.

As he did not answer, she went up to him, and saw that he was dead!

* These verses are translated from the French version of the Bible.

THE *Volkstaat* observes that there is an unwillingness in influential circles to allow the full extent of the German losses in the late war to transpire. A semi-official corroboration now suddenly appears of the worst rumors which were circulated in process of time. The Central Bureau of Information in Berlin, under the inspection of the highest military authorities, has published a report of its work, with interesting statistical figures. It appears from this report that the institution has, within the space of twelve months, authenticated 633,000 sick and wounded cases, and that of these only 78,000 belonged to the French, the remaining 550,000 to the German army. The circumstance that only 46,000 of these were South Germans, and that nearly 508,000 were North Germans, shows by the disproportion of the numbers that the Bureau had really been occupied with the North German Army. The frightful figures, which, besides, make no claim to completeness, are, according to this



THE PEACH SEASON.—PEACH TRAINS UNLOADING AT EARLY DAWN, FOR THE NEW YORK MARKET, AT JERSEY CITY.

UNLOADING PEACHES AT JERSEY CITY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., owing to its situation as a railroad terminus and its proximity to the metropolis, is always a scene of excitement and confusion to the traveler. At no time of the year is this more apparent than at the present; but he who would be a participant must be an early riser. Strolling along New York Avenue, about three o'clock in the morning, one is almost deafened by the noise emanating from hundreds of human throats. In a few minutes the last train arrives from Delaware and Southern Jersey—especial homes of the luscious peach—and a cheer goes up from an army of trucksters, who have journeyed from New York, Harlem, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Newark, and other contiguous places, to take on consignments of the delicious fruit.

Although these peach trains arrive at all hours of the night, the scene immediately after the appearance of the three o'clock cargo is particularly animated. Trucks, creaking wagons, and lumbering vehicles, are driven rapidly over the tracks, backed against the cars, and prepared for their loads. Above the noise of the drivers, who arrogate to themselves the right to make "night hideous" with their songs and jests, the short, crisp sentences of entry clerks are heard checking off the number of baskets or crates delivered to each driver.

Now and then, the men pause to witness a fight among the gamins, who turn out in force, with baskets and pillow-cases, to gather the peaches that, breaking from the crates, roll over the ground.

The crop this year seems inexhaustible, and the fruit should be obtained at a remarkably low price.

The average daily receipt at Jersey City alone is three hundred

car-loads, and the teamsters are kept busily employed until nearly noon in unloading the cargo.

THE CHICAGO CANAL.

THE magic by which the foul ditch which intersected Chicago has been sluiced, and its current directed toward the Gulf of Mexico, resembles in principle the method taken by Hercules to cleanse the Augean Stables, or, as a speaker at the great festival, more imaginative than we—Hon. John C. Dore—expressed it: "A few years ago Chicago was floundering in the mud. There came along a magician, one day (with head full of figures; he called himself an engineer), who said to the city, 'Arise!'

and up she went. He took a skiff and rowed far out on the lake, where the waters are deep and pure; and he said to the water: 'Descend and find your way beneath the submerged ground to the shore, and enter the pipes prepared for your reception;' and strange as it may appear, down the waters went; to the shore they flowed, and up they came and entered the pipes, and came rushing and sparkling with a merry noise into kitchen and chamber all over our city. The occasion," continued Mr. Dore, "is singular. I know no other instance where the current of a river has been so changed as to flow in a direction exactly opposite to the course it has been accustomed to bear. It is not enough to say this event is important to Chicago. A crisis had come; the cleansing of

the Chicago River had become an indispensable necessity; there was no alternative; and no other mode of doing this than the apparent reversal of the order of nature. The changing the current of the river commanded itself to the judgment of engineers. The plan adopted has been successfully prosecuted, and there is general rejoicing."

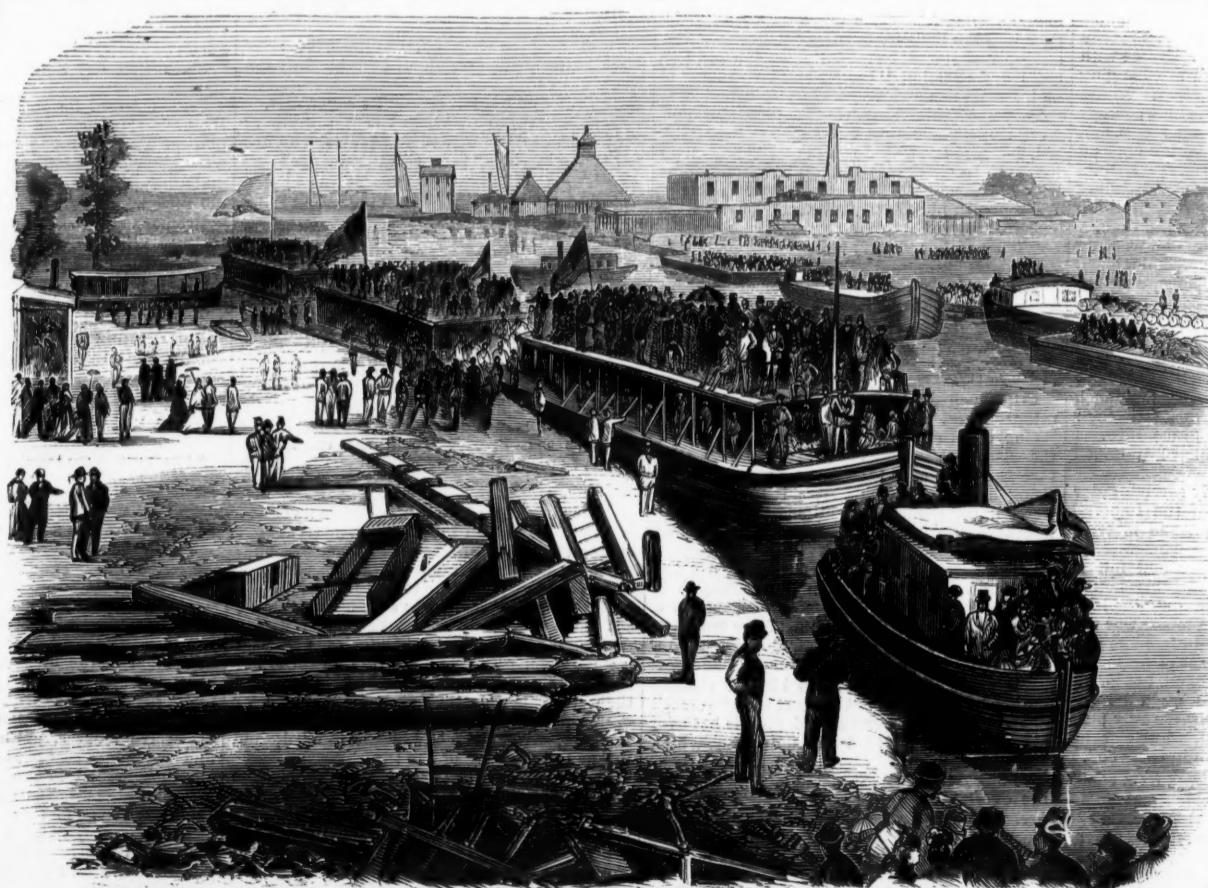
The work was placed under contract in 1866, also in the Fall of 1867 and Spring of 1868, the final letting being in October, 1868. Since that time the task has been prosecuted with energy and vigor, especially during the past year.

On the completion of the canal, the Board of Public Works celebrated the grand event by a formal excursion on the canal itself, and scattered invitations far and wide, so that all who listed might see the canal. They sent out 2,700 invitations, and provided accommodations for about half that number. Fifteen hundred were present.

July 15th, at a little past two o'clock in the afternoon, the coffer-dam, that had for a time been holding the waters of the river, was cut, and amid the shouts of thousands of citizens, the waters of Lake Michigan resumed their natural channel, and went pouring forward to mingle with those of the Mississippi. There is no doubt that, away back in the centuries, originally designated by Providence, this was the proper outlet of the lakes.

Owing to a sudden convulsion, some monstrous upheaving, a great obstruction was thrown in its path, and the current turned to the St. Lawrence. It has cost a large sum of money, but it is worth all it cost. At the present valuation the cost is about one per cent. on the valuation, or a little more.

No inhabitant of Chicago would now vote to recall the \$3,000,000, and have the Chicago River as it was two weeks ago.

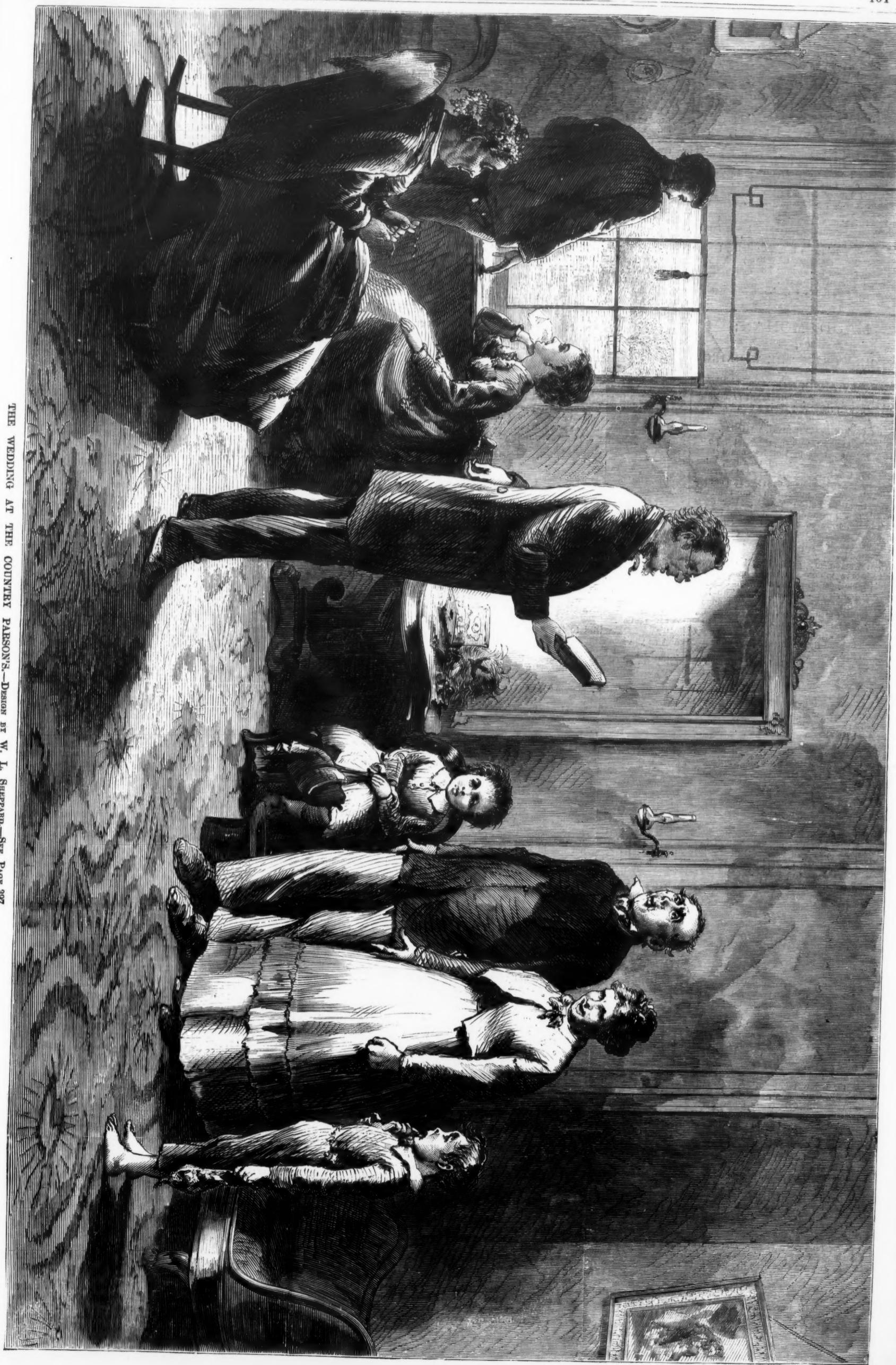


CHICAGO, ILL.—THE OPENING OF THE NEW CANAL INauguration of the Deep Cut which establishes a back current from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAW.

AUGUST 26, 1871.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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THE WEDDING AT THE COUNTRY PARSON'S.—DESIGN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 397.

THE AUTO DA FE.

I BEND o'er the flame as it burns,
And feel its hot pittless breath;
I ponder each word as it turns
From life into meaningless death.
And even as I gaze at the glare,
Now flickering faintly, now fast,
I read by the light of despair
The joy of the hope that is past.

Time was when each word that they spoke,
Those letters so often read o'er,
Old fancies and longings awoke
By magic that soothed them before.
From books I would eagerly turn
To gloat o'er those falsely fair signs,
For all that I once cared to learn
I found in these fast fading lines.

In ashes before me they lie;
The flame that destroyed them burns low!
Ah! would but their memory die
And cease with these embers to glow!
All dark! yet I feel that they live;
My prayer with no answer has met,
'Tis easy for love to forgive,
But oh, it can never forget.

MAUD MOHAN;
OR,
WAS SHE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,
AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

MRS. MASKLEYNE was a splendid type of British matron, truly! Nothing could have been more harmonious, more pleasing, more thoroughly "in keeping" than her appearance this morning, as she stood with her two daughters waiting for the phæton to come round to convey them to Colton Towers. Her dress was all soft grays and black—soft, pearly, silken grays, relieved by rich black lace, that fell about her tall, comely form gracefully. She had surmounted the bonnet difficulty, too, admirably.

When women are getting well on to the border where middle-age ceases and old age begins, their head-gear must always be a subject for judicious consideration. The little becoming frivolities that youth may indulge in with safety—the one rose-bud half-buried in tulle, or the bunch of snow-drops poised upon a little plat of artificial grass—these are out of place on the head that has more than one silver streak in it.

On the other hand, it is hard to go straight into the sensible, large, severe bonnet, that proclaims one an ancient lady at once. Lace steps in at this juncture, with the graceful friendliness that is hers invariably toward those who are wealthy enough to pay for the honor of her alliance—Lace steps in and shades the furrowed cheek, and casts a dim, religious light over the silvered hair, and softens the fullness of the chin and throat, and the hardness of the bones of the brow, and altogether, makes "defect perfection," by the admirable manner in which she vails all that should be vailed.

There were no furrows on our handsome Mrs. Maskleyne's cheeks, and no undue fleshy or bony prominences on her handsome, healthy face; still she was no longer a young woman. The fact that she was not this was of course, latent to every one who saw those lovely grown-up daughters of hers. But she was a woman who thoroughly understood how to part with her youth. She was not one of those who relinquish it in spasms, or who draw out their possession of the last remnant of it to interminable lengths. She knew how to part with it easily and happily. She passed, in fact, from the golden to the silver age as a queen might pass from one of her highly-prized territories to another.

Mrs. Maskleyne was not thinking much about herself with respect to the coming interview this morning. Her thoughts were occupied greatly with her daughters, and with various possibilities concerning these daughters and their newly-found relations.

"At least Lady Maskleyne will have to acknowledge that my girls do as much honor to their name and race as her son can do," she thought, proudly, as she looked at the pair; "any family might be glad to claim so brilliant a member of it as Gertrude!"

Then, for a few moments her thoughts ran away with her judgment, and she suffered herself to suppose that Gertrude might even now be on her way to the receipt of the highest honors the Maskleynes could shower upon her.

"Well, mamma," Bessie said, interrogatively, when her mother had looked them all over in silence, "shall 'we do?' as we used to say when we were children."

Mrs. Maskleyne laughed, and said:

"Yes, dears, you will look very well at the foot of the throne. I think Lady Maskleyne will forgive my existence when she recognizes yours!"

"It's the sweetest mother in the world, and the most charming lady in the world," Gertrude said, going up to Mrs. Maskleyne, and kissing her. "Forgive your existence, indeed! Why, all the Maskleynes that ever lived ought to rise out of their respective graves, and thank papa for having brought your bright, beautiful nature into the family!"

"I hope they'll never do me such appalling homage as that," the mother said, laughing; and then the phæton was ready, and they started.

"I shall be glad when it's over and I'm back in my own home," Mrs. Maskleyne whispered to Bessie, as they were being conducted through the hall to the great saloon.

"Lady Maskleyne can't eat us," Bessie whispered, laughingly, in return. "Gerty looks as if she were eager for the fray, doesn't she?" And in truth Gertrude did look as if she felt half-conscious that possible antagonism lurked in some shape about their path. Her eyes were bent steadily in a forward gaze, and her lips were more firmly compressed than Gertrude's rosy, pouting lips were wont to be. But it was not of her formidable aunt, it was not of the queen-regnant of Colton Towers, that the young lady was thinking.

In the presence-chamber at last! And "how much worse all these things are in anticipation than in reality!" was Mrs. Maskleyne's after comment on the reception they met with.

Lady Maskleyne (in her robes of state again) gave them as quietly, courteous, and composed a greeting as if they had partaken of civil acquaintancehip but yesterday!

She put her book on the table by her side, and settled them at once in inaccessible chairs, and started an easy, cantering conversation about the weather, with the ready grace and tact of a woman of the world.

"I consider myself fortunate, *most* fortunate in having such weather immediately on my arrival," she said, addressing them all. "The country is looking lovely enough to make me cease from self-reproach for having brought Miss Mohan away from town."

And at this juncture, in some miraculously brief manner, Lady Maskleyne introduced the girl who advanced toward them and the Maskleynes to one another.

"It always seems to me that everybody ought to be glad to get out of London at this season," Mrs. Maskleyne said.

And Lady Maskleyne expressed polite toleration for the utter ignorance of her view of the subject which must necessarily be Mrs. Maskleyne's portion; expressed this, not in words—happily for the preservation of Gertrude's patience—but by a sudden development of ultra-quiet that was sufficiently aggravating.

"Mr. Maskleyne is well, I hope?"

The question was asked with exactly the proper shade of assumption of interest.

"He is quite well; and will do himself the pleasure of calling on you at a later hour," his wife said, calmly.

She was not jealous of Lady Maskleyne now; on the contrary, it hurt her rather that Lady Maskleyne should be able to inquire for "Mr. Maskleyne" in such a cold-blooded, unemotional way; then a few more commonplaces passed between the elder ladies, and then there fell a silence between them, in the midst of which Maud Mohan's clear young voice rang out like a bell.

"And so I'm wild to try them, you know; and as you know the country so well, I told Sir Edward that I should be audacious enough to ask you to be my guide—will you?"

"Yes, I will—with pleasure!" Gertrude said, rather breathlessly.

"What is that, Maud?" Lady Maskleyne asked.

"I'm asking Miss Maskleyne to teach me and my new ponies the country," Maud Mohan answered, coolly, in utter disregard of the clouds that she saw gathering on her old friend's brow. Then she threw a glance toward Gertrude, and saw that Gertrude's face looked troubled, and her generous heart fathomed the reason why at once.

"I know you think it's not safe for me to drive them, and that is the reason you want Sir Edward to be my charioteer; but he doesn't want to bore himself, and as he gave me a hint this morning that his cousin Gertrude was a splendid 'whip,' as well as a magnificent horse-woman, I determined not to waste time and this lovely weather in beating about the bush. Will you go with me on Monday, Miss Maskleyne, if I call for you at three?"

"I shall be very glad to go," Gertrude stammered. She was staggered by this girl's frankness and friendliness. "Perhaps she's engaged to him already!" she thought, with a pang, "and thinks she must be kind to his relations; anyway, I'll go."

"And we must get up riding-parties, please," Maud went on; "that will be for you to do," she added, nodding at both sisters.

"My dear Maud, Edward will organize all that for you," Lady Maskleyne said, reproachfully.

"Dear Lady Maskleyne," the girl said, purposefully misunderstanding her, "pray forgive me for taking it for granted that I may ride one of your horses when I want one!"

"Maud, dear, you know every horse in the stables is at your service! and they are Edward's, not mine."

And then Maud looked meek for a moment, but presently the mischief sparked up into her face again, and she said, addressing Mrs. Maskleyne:

"I hope elastic notions about etiquette obtain here, for I want very much to play croquet to-night. Will you let me go over when Sir Edward goes—though I shall not have time to return your call, Mrs. Maskleyne?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," Mrs. Maskleyne said, feeling a little nervous about the way which Lady Maskleyne might choose to regard this *belle alliance*, which Miss Mohan seemed bent upon proclaiming.

But Lady Maskleyne was not made of the metal that gives out a clangling sound when it is only feebly hit. She was struck now, but it was by a hand that was very dear to her, and so she made no sound that might be construed into a sign of feeling hurt.

"Maud was very thoughtless," the stately lady told herself—"very thoughtless, indeed, in thus instituting, or trying to institute, cordial relations with people who must always be very much outside the lives of the Maskleynes of Colton Towers."

But in spite of that thoughtlessness, Maud was her very dear own Maud still, and so Lady Maskleyne subdued her pride to her affections, and kept her politeness well to the fore.

And now it was time to go!

The formidable period was past, and the mother and daughters took their leave with a gracious ease that commanded itself even to Lady Maskleyne.

"That woman knows how to do it herself, and she has taught her girls well," the queen-regnant said to herself. "In them it is nothing extraordinary, indeed; but in her! Well, women have a marvelous gift of imitation, that is all I can say. She might have been a gentlewoman born."

That was the comment the proud old queen-mother made on her old love's wife. That was all the comment she made on the gentle lady who, for her daughters' sake, and to please her husband, had put a sore yoke upon her own bright, clear head this day!

"She might have been a gentlewoman born!"

Indeed, she not only "might have been," but was, Lady Maskleyne, a "gentlewoman" of the best and highest caste! a kindly, pure, good, true, brave woman! a creature who would pass undefiled by any mean passion or sordid aim, from the cradle to the grave!

"That is over! And how very much worse these things are in anticipation than reality!" Mrs. Maskleyne said, as they seated themselves in the phæton, and Gertrude gathered up the reins.

"How grand Lady Maskleyne makes herself every now and then," Bessie said; "she seems to get taller and thinner at times. Didn't you notice it?"

"I wonder what she would have developed into if we had called her 'aunt'?" Gertrude said, laughing.

"Miss Mohan isn't afraid of her, that is evident," Mrs. Maskleyne put in.

"Miss Mohan acts to perfection," Gertrude said, gravely. "She acted so well, that she deceived Lady Maskleyne, even!"

"I don't think it was acting," Bessie protested. She wishes to be friendly with us; and I think she's a girl to go straight to her wish, under any circumstances."

"She acted so well that she deceived herself, even," Gertrude persisted.

"I must say I liked the way she said she would come to us to-night," Mrs. Maskleyne said.

"Mamma, mamma—I didn't!" Gertrude said, quickly. "If we had been what she is pleased to think on the same platform, she wouldn't have been so *empresst*! It's either that she is condescending to us, or—"

"What?" they both asked. And Gertrude flicked her fast-trotting cob unnecessarily as she answered:

"—Or she is engaged to Sir Edward Maskleyne! But we won't speculate about it—we shall soon know." Then there fell a silence which was not broken until they reached their own door, at which they were met by Louisa and Guy Oliver. "Not a word before them as to the 'reason why' of Miss Mohan's advances!" Gertrude whispered, with an imploring air, that was half fun, half earnest; and then the Olivers were "upon them" with violence almost!

Up at Colton Towers the late guests were going through the mangle in the approved fashion. A silence, a very brief silence had followed their departure. It was broken by the elder, but more impetuous, woman of the two:

"My dear child, I think you hardly understand that these people, though they are related to my late husband, are not very intimate friends of mine—of ours."

"Say what you did first—of mine," Maud replied. "Of course I know that they are personally strangers to you; but they are great friends of Sir Edward's, and you shouldn't try to ignore that friendship?"

Lady Maskleyne scented the battle from afar. Her dear Maud, her favorite—this girl whom she was coveting for a daughter-in-law was preparing to range herself on the side of the aggressors.

"Maud," she said, somewhat indignantly, "I didn't think it possible that you would act from a mere love of opposition! There never can be anything more than the merest form of civility between these people and ourselves."

She hesitated a moment as she saw Maud's violet eyes light up with a look that was half fun and half anger; but Miss Mohan suffered the phrases to pass without comment, and so Lady Maskleyne proceeded:

"That being the case, I do think, my dear, that you will admit you have been premature, to say the least of it, in suggesting such intimate and frequent intercourse with that girl!"

"With your niece, Gertrude Maskleyne?" Maud exclaimed.

Lady Maskleyne winced.

"I have never known her as my husband's niece. I saw her for the first time to-day."

"And I saw her for the first time to-day," Maud said, boldly, "and was attracted by her great beauty and charming manner, as every one else must be. Lady Maskleyne, dear old friend, don't in your warmth deceive yourself; you cannot abolish Gertrude Maskleyne simply because you don't approve of her; you will probably hurt your son if you try to do it; and you will only fail."

"Hurt my son! What has Edward to do with it?"

"Ah!" the girl said, rather sadly, shaking her head and looking dreamily away through the open window, "need we ask one another that, after having seen her? Men must love her for that gracious beauty—"

"Child, child! your own is much greater," Lady Maskleyne interrupted, impatiently; but Maud went on as though her old friend had not spoken:

"—And for that winning way, men must love her; and Sir Edward especially, who has an artist's eye, cannot fail to be charmed. She is a clever girl, and he would not care for a Venus if she were stupid."

"Clever! I am far from agreeing to that," Lady Maskleyne said, hotly; "there is, to be sure, some of the sharp country lawyer's blood in her veins, but that sort of 'sharpness' is just the thing I detest in a woman, and just—"

"The thing that Gertrude Maskleyne does not possess," Maud said, calmly; "I watched her face while we were all talking together, and I felt so gladly that she was the girl to grace any position. You will be very fond of her when she is your son's wife."

"Maud, do you want to drive me mad?" Lady Maskleyne cried, angrily; "my son's wife she never shall be, and you sting me by speaking as if it were a settled thing."

"My speaking of it won't either bring it about or avert it," Maud said, quietly.

"He didn't even take the trouble to come in while they were here," Lady Maskleyne said, hopefully. "Of course I am not ignorant of the great effect a pretty face has on a young man, in the dullness of the country, when he is idle and has no antidote; but Edward has plenty of business to occupy his brains, and in his own home he has a fairer object to gaze upon than he can ever find abroad."

Maud laughed. "I am the fairer object, I suppose?"

"Dear Maud, I wish you had more—'vanity,' shall I call it?"

"No; call it a more 'obscured vision'; naturally I know well enough I am a good-looking girl, but I also know well enough that Sir Edward has never cared to 'gaze upon' me, as you call it. Be satisfied to let things take their own course; and please, please, dear Lady Maskleyne, don't persist in the attempt to make it appear that he cares a fraction for me save as your friend and favorite."

There was something very pathetic in the inflection of the girl's tones as she uttered these last words. Could it be possible that Maud was hurt a little? Could it be that this bright young favorite of fortune was cast to play the part of the stricken deer. "If I could only be sure that she loved him, I would speak to him at once, and with decision," his mother thought as she looked at the girl wistfully; "he owes me some obedience for my long, long strivings on his behalf; but that I would coerce him if I could, even, but he surely must in time love what is so lovable."

"At least you won't go to their house this evening, dear?" she said, softly, and Maud shook off the shadow of depression that had fallen upon her, and answered brightly:

"Oh, yes! I must do that, after saying I would go; 'Noblesse oblige,' you know. Why should I needlessly insult your relations by offering to visit them, and then without sufficient cause acting as though I had never made it? If Sir Edward will be my escort to-night, I will walk down with him; if he will not, I shall drive my new ponies down."

The master of the house did not make his appearance that day until just as dinner was announced. He had been out riding all day, he told them, and he appeared weary and distraught.

"Had he been on the estate the whole time?" his mother asked him; and he told her "No," but he did not volunteer any statement as to where he had been.

"I am sorry you were out when your aunt and cousins came this afternoon!" Maud said, boldly; and then she saw that he had a struggle to suppress his suddenly kindled interest.

"Oh, they came, did they? I am glad of that! Well, mother?"

"Well, dear," his mother said, carelessly, "what do you expect me to say? Your uncle's wife and daughters are very well-looking, well-mannered women; but even their appearance failed to persuade me that your uncle made a suitable marriage."

"You're prejudiced and unjust!" Maud said, steadily. "I can't bear to think you either, and in this case you are both. Your aunt is one of the most charming matrons I ever saw, Sir Edward; and as for your cousins, you can't help feeling proud that they are Maskleyne! Just picture Gertrude at a 'drawing-room,' at the opera, or in the 'Row'! How all London would rave about her!"

"All London would never be so ridiculous!" said Lady Maskleyne. "I wonder you don't know better, Maud, than to give utterance to one of those absurd mistakes that common people make—as if any woman out of a fifth-class novel ever did attain that sort of notoriety!"

"Well, I won't make the mistake of saying it again—I will only think it!" Maud persisted; and then she asked if Sir Edward would be her escort to his cousin's croquet-ground that evening.

"Are you going?" he said, quickly looking up, with an expression of genuine pleasure.

"Yes, indeed, I am! I love croquet, and I like them! Will you go with me?"

"I should think I would, indeed!" he said, gazing at her admiringly—so admiringly that Maud was unable to meet his eyes for the first time in her life. His mother saw the look, too, and her hopes rose.

"He must love that generous-hearted, lovely girl in the end!" she thought; and in a little burst of satisfaction (they were back in the drawing-room) she went over and put her hands on her son's shoulders.

"Edward, this is the happiest hour I have known for years!" she said, softly.

"The dear mother—the dear, good mother!" he answered, fondly stooping down and kissing her brow.

"Why, Edward, what is this? A locket? I never saw you with a bit of jewelry about you before!"

her shoulder, and seen the face of a beautiful little baby-boy! A terrible weight of constraint fell upon each member of the trio at once—a weight which each would have given much to shake off.

"I told you it was not mine, mother! I have it in trust only," he said, coldly; and Maud and his mother both at once associated that miniature with his long absence that day.

"If we mean to play croquet to-night, it is time we were going!" he said, addressing Maud.

"Yes. I will get my hat," she said, slowly.

The sight of the baby-face had robbed her of all animation. It was a hard struggle for her now to fulfill the engagement she had made.

As for Lady Maskleyne, she seemed to be buried in thought, and hardly took any notice of them when they went out.

As soon as they had struck into the quiet by-road that was the nearest way to Trevorton, Edward Maskleyne reverted to the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

"That little boy is the son of a friend of mine, Miss Mohan."

"He's a sweet-looking child!" she said, quietly. "Does he live near here?"

"Yes—no, not near here!" he said, with some embarrassment.

"I asked, because I should like to see the original of that lovely picture. Can you show him to me?"

"No, I cannot!" he said, gravely. "Don't ask me why, Miss Mohan—perhaps, I may be able to tell you some day."

"I will never ask you."

"Meantime, you won't distrust me, will you?" he said, eagerly.

"I have no right to do that, Sir Edward!" she said, haughtily; and after that the conversation between them was labored, and they were glad to find themselves close to the red house in Trevorton High Street.

"Here come your swell friends!" Louisa Oliver cried, rushing away from her post of observation at a window. "Now, I suppose, Guy and I had better go!"

"Not till I have put Gertrude on her guard about something I saw with my own eyes this morning!" Guy said, solemnly.

(To be continued.)

A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I WAS standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Horseshoe, along the brink of the rocks and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of the boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move.

It was a man! Yes, he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction.

It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about nine or ten o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids!

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides—already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a dispatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles) by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, nine-thirty A.M.; and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet-iron, with air-tight chambers—a boat that could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language), "The life-boat is coming!" He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was at last launched the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies, and whirlpools, which it would be ut-

terly impossible to avoid, and in which lies the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. The life-boat's course was steady at first: she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length approaching the log, she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But, no! it stood firm—the boat had reached its destination. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its hollow inside directed toward the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed toward it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until, both cables being brought to one side of the river by the united force of fifty or sixty men, she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside-down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who still clung to the log, swayed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as we could judge at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long, and flat-bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate; and as she floated down, even alongside of the log, without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log making signals to those who directed the boat.

He now eagerly seized her, drew her toward him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced; but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid, swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and there remained immovably fixed. Once more the poor fellow's work began. He drew off one of his boots, and baled the boat; he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in these fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who beheld him. He worked well, for he worked for his life. Three months after, this boat retained its position; nor will it move until the rocks grind its cable in two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four similar cans, by-the-way, had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the food lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care; he lashed his legs firmly, and then signaled to draw him up. Thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up; the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head, owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it; and as the raft still advanced the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under; but, alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of the falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear quite so impassable. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half-way between the log and the opposite shore (a small island). This also failed from the same cause. Therefore it was proposed to endeavor to let the raft float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced, but with the old result—the cable was caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferryboats (built expressly for crossing beneath the falls) had been brought up, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down toward the raft, whilst in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat—a boat never able to float down a rapid, however well able to float down it. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall than it would dip, fill, and spin round, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashings, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize

the boat and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood. She paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and, as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waves as they hurried him along upright, waving both arms above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared; and I thought hours must have passed in lieu of one brief half-minute. But the end came at last; once more I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and, in an instant, the crowd turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost!

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE BATTERY.

In No. 820 of this journal we gave a full description, with drawings taken from the designs in the possession of the Dock Commissioners, of the schemes for improving the river-front of the metropolis. In that number we advertised our readers that the promised constructions should be begun at the Battery; and we now show the said constructions as they are actually under way at that point. The work we illustrate is the building of a new and very handsome granite boat-landing, to extend out into the water just below the present Pier No. 1, North River, and to be situated between it and Castle Garden. This construction will be of the most solid character. The mud having been dredged up from the channel down to the solid rock, a rough wall of rip-rap, or undressed stone fitted together with some accuracy but without cement, is laid upon the rock, to extend some half-way up to the water-level, and bear the more finished structure above. The laying of these huge blocks by men in armor is a curious sight—for the fishes. The masons wear the complete rubber suit, the heavy breast-plate, the lead sole, and the ventilated helmet, of the ordinary submarine diver. The superintendent, inaudible in that subaqueous territory, directs their labor with motions of his hands. Under these unusual circumstances the materials employed lose their specific gravity, and blocks fit for a Titan's heft are arranged by a single hand with the ease of child's-play. The foundation-wall of rip-rap will extend quite around the base of the proposed construction. A line of piles, arranged in pairs, each pair joined by a cap-piece or lintel, and altogether similar to the frame of a door, extends round the outline of the landing, and the direction of the wall is determined by the plumb and line applied to these timber frames. The rough foundation will narrow up to a surface width of 19½ feet; upon this, squared stone will be laid, diminishing like steps until the breadth above water will be only four feet. The space inclosed by this wall will be solidly filled in, and a handsome square plaza, about 185 feet by 280 feet, won over to the City from the dominion of Neptune. It will be fronted with stairs adapted to the different heights of the tide, adorned with lamps and a fountain, and backed by the new and flourishing shrubbery of the Battery. Thus, in a few months, the late squalid and neglected garden, where Mario and Jenny Lind have sung, will be restored to more than its pristine beauty, by the addition of a wharf and terrace worthy of Versailles or of the *Riva dei Schiavoni* at Venice.

THE Western gull (*Larus occidentalis*) is very abundant on the whole coast of California, especially on the Farrallon Islands, where it is a serious hindrance to the men employed in collecting the eggs of the Murres (*Uria Brunichii*) which breeds there in countless numbers. The traffic in their eggs between these islands and San Francisco alone reaches annually the sum of between one and two thousand dollars. The egg-hunters meet at one o'clock every day during the season (from May to July), with the exception of Sundays and Thursdays, and at a given signal, so that each may have an equal chance in gathering the spoil, start off for the most productive egg-giving grounds. The gulls understanding, it would seem, what is to occur, hover overhead, awaiting the advance of the men, who rush eagerly into the rookeries. The affrighted Murres have scarcely risen from their nests, before the gull, with remarkable instinct, flying but a few paces ahead of the hunter, alights on the ground, tapping such eggs as the short time will allow before the egger comes up with him. The broken eggs are passed by the men, who remove only those which are sound. The gull, then returning to the field of its exploits, procures a plentiful supply of its favorite food. Dr. Heermann says that he once saw three gulls scientifically approach a single Murre sitting on her egg. Two of them feigning an attack in front, the Murre raised herself to repel them; instantly the third, advancing from the rear, snatched her solitary egg from beneath her, and flew off with the booty, the two first immediately following to claim their share. The egg was dropped and broke on the rocks, when a general scramble ensued between the three robbers for the valued prize.

THE English Mechanic says that when a living oyster is opened, the liquor in the lower shell, if viewed through a microscope, will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about! One hundred and twenty of these little oysters extend but a single inch. The liquor also contains a variety of animalculæ, and myriads of worms, of three distinct species!

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RULMAN'S "Vienna Lady Orchestra" will soon be here, and the *dilettanti* are all anxiously looking forward to the interesting musical event.

MR. AND MRS. CONWAY will open their new "Brooklyn Theatre," on or about October 1st, with a well-selected company and every prospect of success.

DALY opens about the 29th with—no one knows what at present, for it is whispered that the "Edwin Drood" idea has been abandoned, as Daly says it might be Droodic sacrifice.

THE Union Square Theatre will soon be completed, and the first performance—that of the burlesque of "Ulysses"—will take place on September 4th, Miss Pauline Merriam being in the cast.

FRAULEIN HEDWIG RAABE, a great German actress, is coming here, under the auspices of Mr. Grau, whose immense artistic success with Madame Seebach last season is cordially remembered on all sides.

We quote the following from the New York *Herald*, confirming our statement of a few weeks ago: "Bristow's opera of 'Rip Van Winkle' will be the principal feature of the Nilsson opera sea on." Miss Nilsson sings the roles of Gretchen and Alice.

THE good ship that bore that valuable freight, Madame Parepa-Rosa, over the three thousand miles of everlasting wet that separate us from England, has landed that enchantress of song on our welcoming shores. "Delighted to see you, madame!"

MISS ROSE HERSEE, with her wealth of golden hair and treasury of silver melodies, betook herself, on Saturday last, to her native shores, to fulfill a fine engagement in London as prima donna and part directress of an English opera troupe. *Bon voyage* to the pretty little English lark.

WE hear a very pleasant report that Mr. Fechner will open the French Theatre some time early in Winter, and that it will be entirely reconstructed. This being done—it is wanted sorely—there is nothing to prevent Mr. Fechner enjoying a prosperous season, and in the cause of art we artfully wish it him.

IMMENSE preparations are making at the Olympic for the coming pantomime, which is to eclipse all its predecessors in splendor of costumes, grandeur of scenery, torrents of tricks and cascades of comicality. There is but one clown (Fox), and the Olympic is his pulpit.

"NILSSON AND OPERA" are inscribed on the banners of Strakosch, and a brilliant campaign is anticipated at the Academy of Music, as in addition to the divine Swede, the handsome French Tenor, M. Capoul—warranted *blond*—has been secured to make operatic love to the captivating Christine.

LOTTA opened at Booth's, on Monday night, in John Brougham's dramatization of "Little Nell;" and we hear of a new play for her by the adapter of "Fanchon." Miss Cushman and Mr. Creswick commence here on the 25th of September; and then Booth's foot will be on his native heath again, and his name, "Legitimate Drama!"

THE New York Harmonic Society under the diligent and experienced *bâton* of Dr. James Pech, is zealously rehearsing the oratorio it has undertaken to perform, in conjunction with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey Whycock, Mr. Cummings, and the great baritone Santley, forming Mr. George Dolby's Concert Troupe, about to appear for the first time in this country.

MISS EFFIE GERMON has delighted every body with her admirable presentation of Boucicault's "Elfe," and won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Lydia Thompson appeared at Wallack's on the 14th in the burlesque of "Blue Beard." We have not heard if Mr. Wallack played *Fatima*. He should support his opening star, it seems to us, if burlesque is to be his chosen and settled policy for the coming season. Perhaps, however, it is not. Let us hope.

NEWS BREVITIES.

TENNESSEE is growing opium.

CONSTANTINOPLE has a street railway.

CHICAGO is to have a free medical library for the use of its physicians.

NIAGARA boasted of nine bridges one day lately.

THEY have got hot weather smallpox, and a new national bank in Chicago.

NEW JERSEY has seven hundred lunatics in its asylum.

THE Rocky Mountains, west of Denver, are lively with tourists.

THE University of Berlin numbers 173 professors and other teachers at present.

NEWARK manufactured \$5,500,000 worth of patent leather last year.

OWING to the failure of the hay crop, good cows sell for \$10 each in Penobscot County, Me.

FROM 200,000 to 300,000 tons of last year's ice are yet on hand in Maine.

A YOUNG woman in a Missouri college has beaten all the young men at Greek.

THE Post-Office Department has figures to show that 100,000 people have settled in Texas during the past year.

THE Paris Cab Company's horses are dying of a new epidemic. The company has lost 200 out of 300 horses purchased from the Prussians.

THE present literary problem is as to the authorship of the fine:

"Thought lost to sight, to memory dear!"

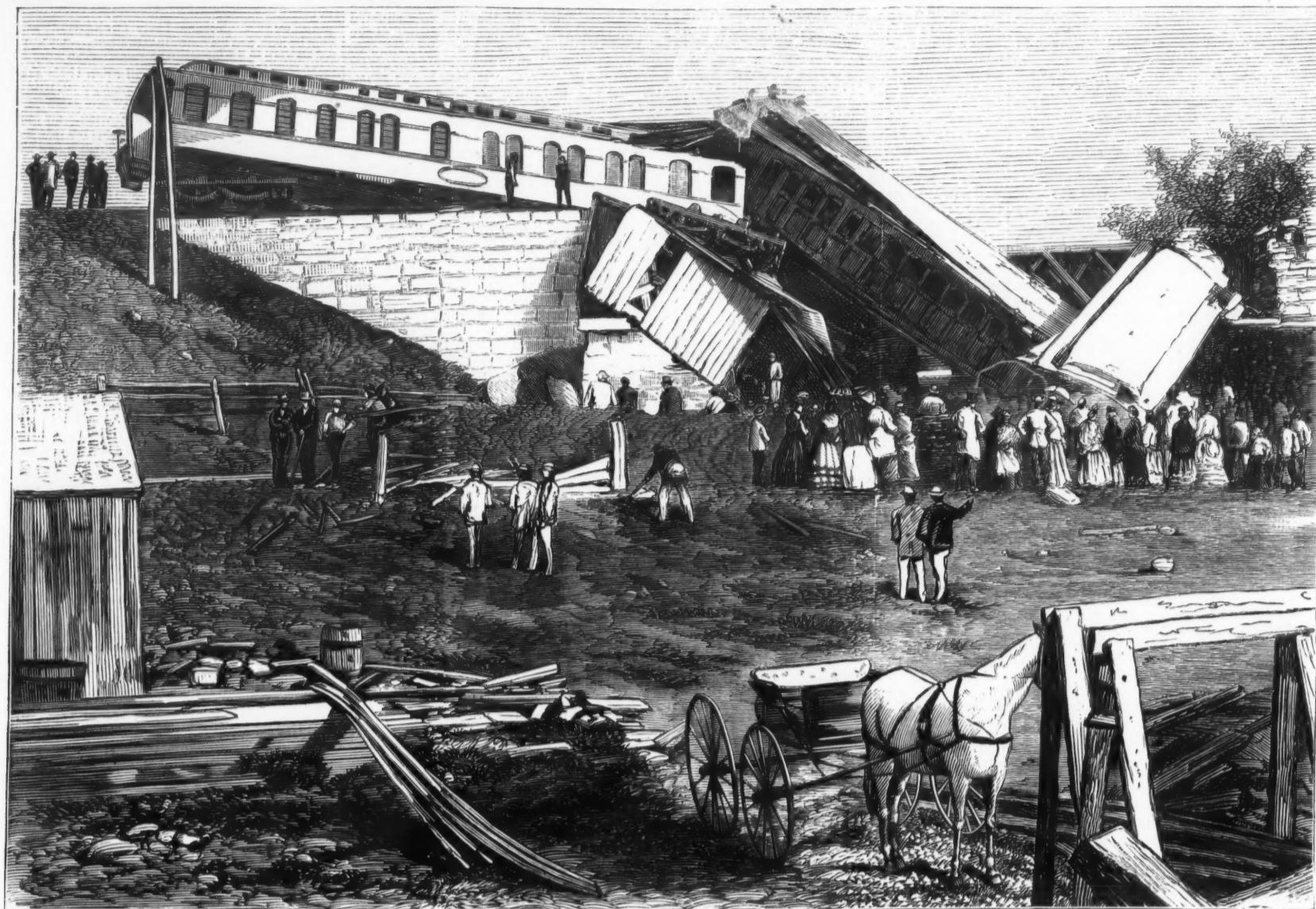
THE 14,000 heathen Chinese in San Francisco don't make much noise in the world, but they own \$74,000 in real estate and \$1,183,000 in personal property.

AN immense raft, 2,000 feet long, and containing 120,000 cubic feet of lumber, recently passed through the drawbridge at Rouse's Point, N. Y., and entered Lake Champlain.

A SPANISH coin dated 1795 has been exhumed in a sandhill at Princeton, and now there is danger that the town will be dug away in search of Captain Kidd's treasure.

SHAD culture, which was held somewhat doubtful at first, is coming on handsomely in Connecticut. The operations were begun at Hadley Falls in June, and already the ova taken exceeds 64,230,000, from which at least 60,000,000 of young shad have been produced.

THE sudden and violent heat has caused a great exodus of Parisians. The papers say that the Prefecture of Police cannot supply passports fast enough, and that the issue lately has been 7,000 to 8,000 per day. It is observed that a great many women are leaving the city.



BANGOR, MAINE.—PASSENGER TRAIN OF THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD BREAKING THROUGH A BRIDGE ON ENTERING THE CITY, AUGUST 9TH—SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. L. MARSTON.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BANGOR.

A SHOCKING accident occurred on the Maine Central Railroad last week, just as a train was entering Bangor, by the giving way of a bridge across the Hampden Road. The train was about half an hour behind time, and was running at a good rate of speed to make up. The engine and tender had got across the bridge, and a portion of the mail and express car, when the structure went down, taking the rear trucks of the mail car, but the strength of the shackles kept it upon the track. The smoking car plunged down into the street, a distance of twenty feet, and was completely demolished. This was followed by a passenger car, which was also completely torn to pieces. A second passenger car shot across the street at right angles with the first, and was also demolished. The third and last passenger car plunged down the abyss. The Pullman car, the last in the train, remained upon the track, but the front end was somewhat damaged by contact with the preceding car.

William Percival, of Waterville, was brakeman of the third passenger car, and stood at his post on the front platform when the car

plunged down through the bridge, and was instantly killed.

There was a very small number of passengers, otherwise the loss of life must have been fearful. As it was, thirty persons were more or less severely injured, but only one fatally.

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

As we go to press various encouraging reports come in about the Walter Scott centenary to be observed in this city on Tuesday, the 15th—reports which go to show that the old love and adoration for the "Great Unknown" have not died out, and also that a purely literary festival can have, in this new land, as much *éclat* as our enthusiastic political gatherings. Although the exact programme is not decided upon, the following will, as near as now determined, be the order of the day: The various Scotch societies in this city, with Newark, Brooklyn, Hudson County, Paterson, and others, will assemble at the headquarters of the Caledonia Club, Sullivan Street, in kilt uniform, and headed by the band and members of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, will march up

Broadway as far as Thirtieth Street, where stages will be in readiness to take them to the Central Park. At 4 o'clock the laying of the foundation-stone for a monument of Sir Walter Scott will take place, Mayor Hall officiating as the representative of the city. The statue, which is in process of erection in Edinburgh, by Mr. Steel, will be of bronze, ten feet high, and a duplicate of that handsome monument erected in Princes Street, Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott is in a sitting position, and at his feet his favorite dog, "Maida." This statue will be mounted on a handsome pedestal of Aberdeen granite, weighing over forty tons. The Commissioners of Public Parks have allotted a suitable site for the monument. Through the kindness of a citizen who possesses a beautiful autograph drawing, by Mr Steel himself, of the statue, we are enabled to lay before our readers an original and authentic sketch of this fine bronze, thus duplicated in two hemispheres.

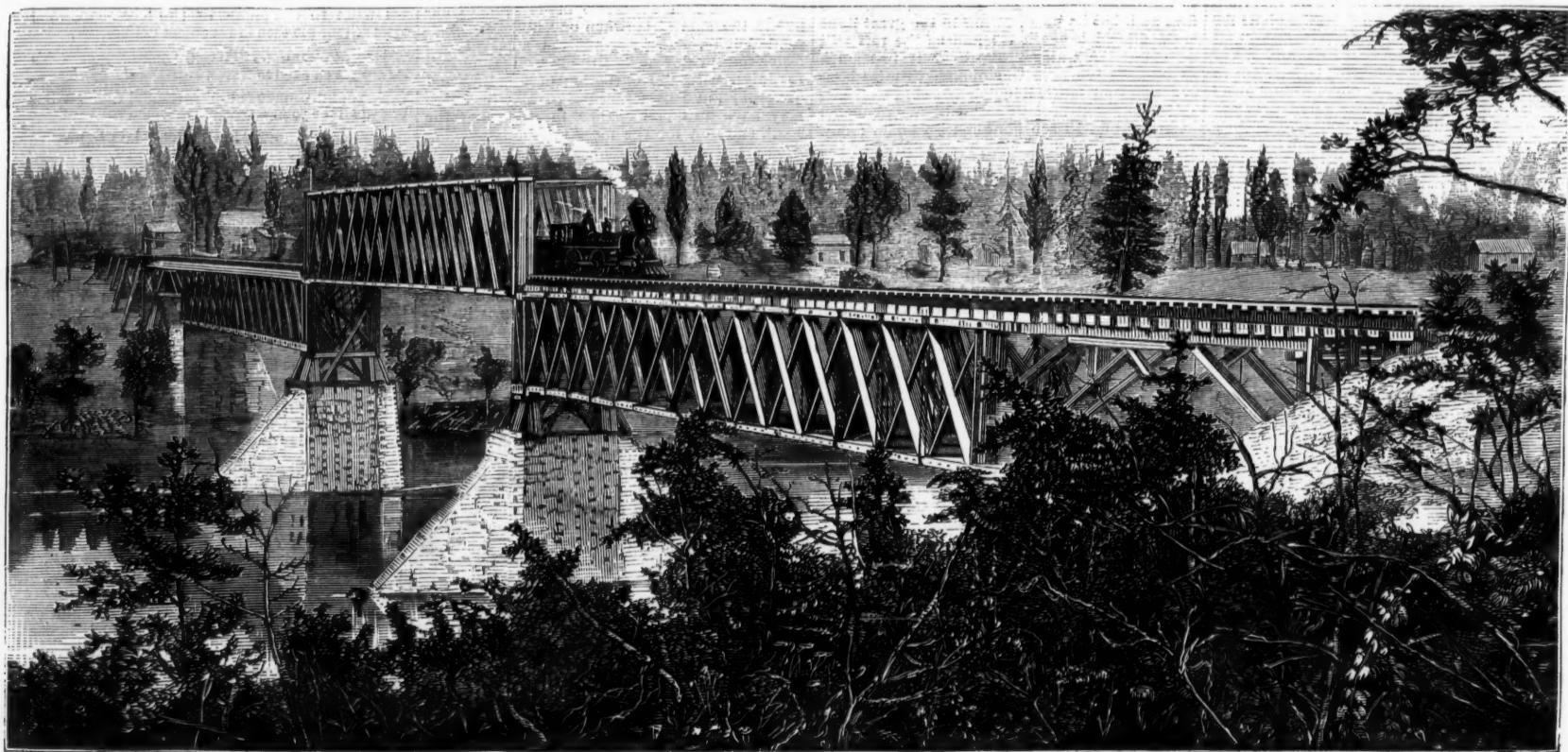
THE NORTH PACIFIC ROAD.

WE present a view of what we believe is the northernmost of the bridges which span the

Mississippi, being the trestlework over which runs and races the new artery of transcontinental travel, the Northern Pacific Railroad, on its way to conquer the grand West. There is something epic in the vastness and simplicity of the image—these timbers, so simple, plain, and unambitious; this stream, so inconsiderable and so quickly spanned; yet one is to bear on its humming irons the burden of the great feeder of the whole world's commerce; the other, the stream, leaping St. Anthony's Fall, a little further down, is to swell into that Titanic flood, that advancing ocean, which dwarfs the Nile, the Danube, and the Tagus!

There is little need now to tell the story of this wondrous tramway, which the commerce of the future will pave with gold. Under the most active and intelligent management by which any grand road was ever laid (we allude to the assistance and advocacy of Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., the national bankers), its successful completion is a mere matter of time. Emigration is crowding upon its advance! forests are falling before it! Mississippi is stooping under its track!

Soon the wheat of the garden-region of



THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, AT DRAINED, MINNESOTA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CISWELL & DAVY, DULUTH.



THE SCOTT CENTENARY.—STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, A DUPLICATE OF THAT AT EDINBURGH.
TO BE ERECTED AT CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

the North, and the tea and treasure of China, will be poured through its mighty conduit, and riding in the harbor of Duluth for transport over the Lakes and the Atlantic.

The direct line across the continent from the western extremity of our Lake system to Puget Sound, is that described by this new route, and intersects some of the most noticeable features of the country. There are between Lake Superior and Puget Sound and the mouth of the Columbia River five hundred thousand square miles of territory, all tributary to this Railroad. It is the Winter-wheat region of our continent. It is a region of alternate prairies and pine forests. It is a region rich in coal, iron, gold, silver, and copper. It is a region the salubrity of whose climate has made it the sanitarium for

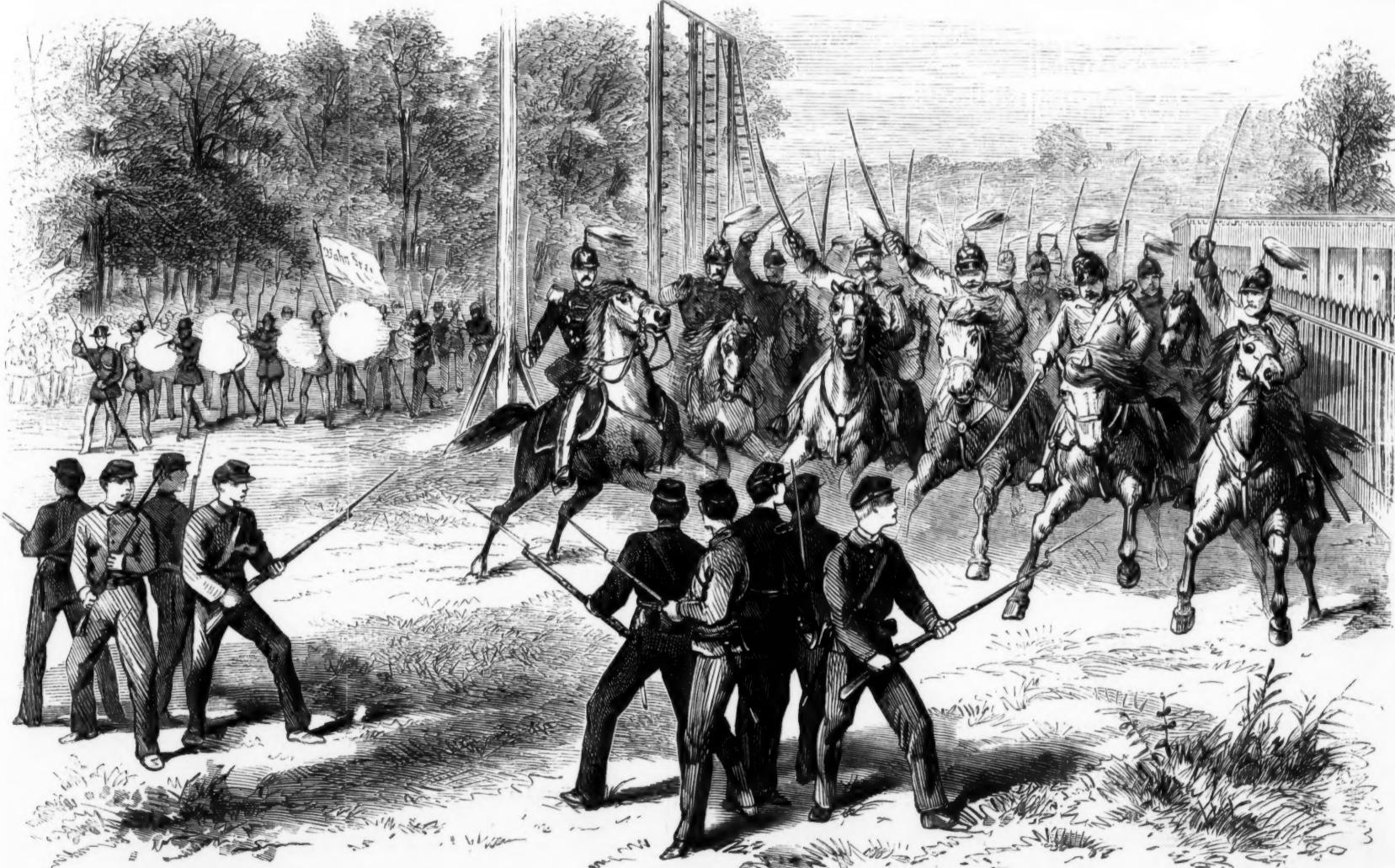
consumptives from the Atlantic slope. It is a region whose Rocky Mountain section, broken down in its formation so as to be passable by loaded ponies, is blessed with a temperature so mild that countless herds of cattle range and fatten through the Winter upon the natural grass within ten miles of the summit. It is a region in all whose valleys peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, and sweet-potatoes have rapid growth and complete maturity. It is a region so rich in grass and so blessed in climate, that it has ever been the home, in Winter as well as Summer, of the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope. It has timber, water-power, and stone. Every element of wealth, every condition of social growth and prosperity, exist in superabundance and beyond exhaustion in

the territory between Lake Superior and Puget Sound. For this immense region, embracing Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and a part of Wisconsin, the railroad can do everything necessary.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has accepted the appointment of Arbitrator at Geneva from the United States under the Treaty of Washington. No man more fit for the delicate and difficult task could have been selected. He is perfectly familiar with the facts connected with the sailing of the Confederate cruisers, and the positions of the two Governments at the time

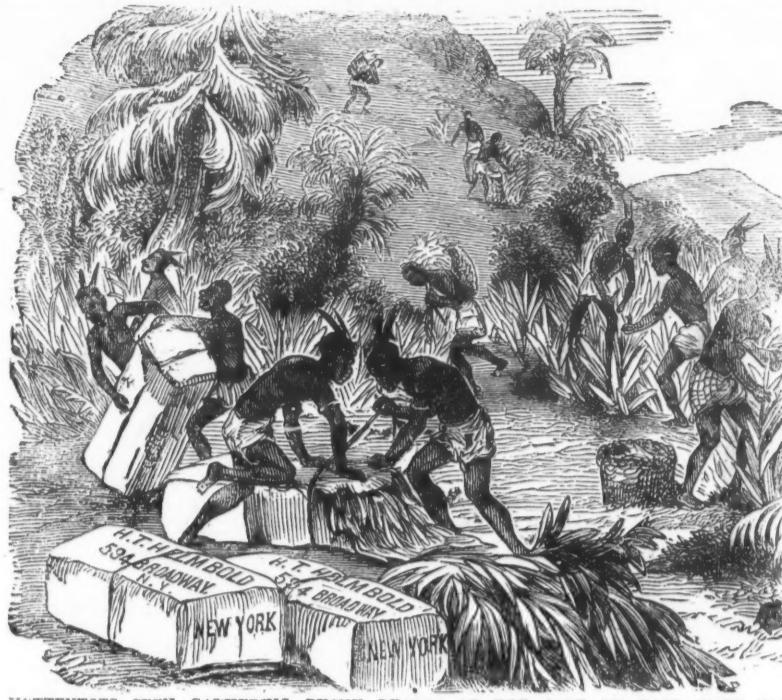
and subsequently regarding them. It was, of course, remarks the *Times*, a great gain when the consent of Great Britain was obtained to the application of American principles to the *Alabama* claims. But that gain might easily have been neutralized, had a man been chosen less able than Mr. Adams to see that the whole case shall be presented for consideration. We have Great Britain's acknowledgment that "due diligence" should have been used to prevent certain offenses now first treated as such by that Government. The value of that concession depends very largely on how the Board of Arbitrators may define "due diligence." In this light, Mr. Adams's appointment and acceptance are an advantage, not to the United States alone, but to the general



WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.—FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN TURNERS' UNION AT MYRTLE AVENUE PARK, AUGUST 7TH—MANOEUVRE OF THE TURNER RIFLEMEN; CADETS REPELLING A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, ARBITRATOR ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS CHOSEN BY THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



HOTTENTOTS SEEN GATHERING BUCHU LEAVES AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FOR H. T. HELMBOLD.

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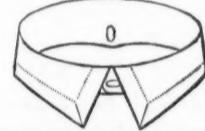
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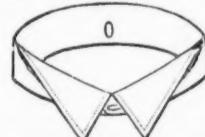
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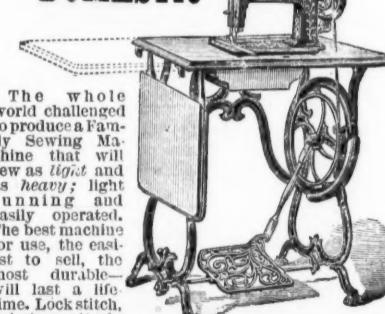
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CHAPTER XXI.—(continued).

"I do make it, most solemnly, sir, and with a sorrow that I cannot express, for the necessity," answered the brother, with the extended hand still warmly grasped in his. "And as I do so, and make this new acknowledgment how good and true and noble you are in all your dealings with my unfortunate race—I must add one word more, to say how silly I now know myself to have been, only half an hour ago, in boasting of my own knowledge of a suffering that you had not experienced!" Pray forget that too, sir, with so much more that you may kindly attribute to the arrogance and presumption of youth."

"I will forget, Neville, just what you wish me to forget, and remember just what you wish me to remember!" said the Minor Canon, his voice nearly restored to its usual cheery tone, and his manner again composed, as that of one who either lays down difficult burthens at once, or carries them well, with the strongest of all assistance. "And now, I must leave you in a few moments. Too much of myself, and too little of you. How are you progressing with those studies which have done you so much good mentally and are eventually to win you a place in the great world? Nearly ready to attempt that meritorious but difficult task, of proving to My Lords or the intelligent jury that four and one make six, or that Mr. Thompson, writing this, plainly intended to say that, and nothing else?"

Neville Landless did not reply for a moment—hesitating as the Minor Canon had done just before. And there was something strange—cheerfully solemn, if the phrase may be allowed—on his handsome dark young face, as after a moment, he set upon their edges, so that the backs could be plainly read, the half-dozen books lying on the table. When last in the room, a few days earlier, Mr. Crisparkle had seen lying there, and found him poring over, Chitty, and Blackstone, and Coke-upon-Littleton, and several others of those elemental works by which the foundations of that "perfection of human reason," known as Law, are believed to be best laid in the mind of the student. What did he see now? Pious old George Herbert; the Holy Living and Dying, and volume of the Sermons, of Jeremy Taylor, sometime Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore; Paley, Butler, and Hooker! Certainly a very different collection of weapons, and for a widely different purpose—and the half-stare of wonder on the face of the clergyman, as he saw, may not have been extraordinary. But the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle was not habitually slow of observation; and he was by no means deficient in a certain *esprit du corps*

with the dark bright face upturned, and both the hands of his friend were laid upon the brown young head.

"His name be praised, and His peace and His blessing be upon you, my dear friend and brother indeed!"

There was another tap at the door, even as the young man rose; and when he went to it, hastily dashing from his eyes the tears of an agitation which might have shaken many a stronger man under the same circumstances—Mr. Grewgious it was who entered, rounding his Angular face in the unexpected pleasure of meeting the Minor Canon, and speaking with no Angularity whatever:

"Reverend sir, I am delighted at the chance of meeting you. Mr. Landless, pardon my intrusion, but I have the miserable excuse of business that requires your attention—at some time this morning—no haste whatever. Reverend sir, I hope that you have had a pleasant journey from Cloisterham, and that the excellent lady, your mother, is in good health and spirits."

And so, for the moment, the trio of the disappointed was complete. Something more: the trio of the brave, patient and determined under that disappointment most difficult to bear of all laid upon humanity. There was a very pretty legend, current years ago, of a chain of circumstances through which three uncrowned kings met and passed the night together, at some humble place of refuge in the German mountains—each for a time ignorant of any other rank than his own: was that scene more picturesque or more instructive than the meeting of these three, with a fourth similarly circumstanced just gone out from their midst,—each so calmly wearing, that at ordinary times its existence was quite unsuspected, and on a brow so different to that of each of the others, the withered chaplet-crown of a Dead Hope?

CHAPTER XXII.

THUNDERS OF DOOM.

THE night has been close and sultry, over Cloisterham and all its neighbourhood; and the morning, without changing the condition of the atmosphere as to temperature, has sent the smoke of the Cloisterham chimneys downward towards street and river, with a suddenness denoting much organic weakness on the part of that dusky volume, or much rarification of the air ordinarily destined to float it to the nostrils of others than the makers. Thick mephitic vapours have been lying on the river, reducing the sun-sailed boats to even a more helpless condition than that of ordinary calm, as the nerves of those who might be rowers are unstrung, and the very thought of the least unavoidable labour is an abhorrence. As the morning progresses, dense clouds rise, drift away on a wind unfelt by the lower world—to be succeeded by others that drift away and disappear

to proceed to the Cathedral, for a service of more than ordinary (earthly) importance, seeing that the sermon of the morning is to be preached by his clerical brother of eminence, the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Baxetter, temporarily at Cloisterham on his way home from the Continent.

Mr. Tope, traversing the limited distance between his house and the Cathedral, to look after its being duly opened for that important morning service, and to take due order that nothing therein or thereto appertaining shall be out of keeping to the nice sense of His Reverence the Dean or the yet-nicer sense of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean's visiting brother—marks the omens of the sky, silently prognosticates rain, if not wind, and scarcely opens the Cathedral to the extent necessary for due ventilation, in the apprehension that rain may burst in at any opened window before the close of the service, and occasion a little of that confusion always regarded with such pained feeling by his Reverence the Dean.

Mr. Crisparkle, whose header of the early morning, taken in the neighbourhood of the Weir, seems to have been made into mingled oil and water, so far has the element been from refreshing him to the usual extent, with its flash and motion—Mr. Crisparkle notes the atmospheric influences, as he steps out from the door at Minor Canon Corner and measures the infinitesimal distance to the Cathedral doorway—breathing, the while, less freely and buoyantly than is his wont, and wondering, as he enters the Cathedral, whether it would not have been better, after all, to have brought over his umbrella, even for that trifling space, sufficient, in a certain contingency, to give him a header with the water and not himself as the moving body.

And Mr. Jasper, coming out from his three days of illness and supposed quiet at the Gate House, following upon his midnight visit to the Crypt—induced to make that exertion by the imploring message of Mr. Crisparkle, who has stated that without him the service will certainly disappoint the Very Rev. the Dean of Baxetter, and inflict intense mortification upon his friend and patron the Dean—Mr. Jasper, proceeding Cathedralward at that late hour, only allowing of his hurriedly robing in time for the very commencement of his duties—he too looks up at the lowering sky, feels the oppression of the atmosphere, and attributes to it something of that intense weakness which seems to affect limbs and body, and that numb pain pressing down on the top of his head like a leaden weight. But there is a difference in the view upwards, between the Choir-Master and the others. They think, and some of them say: "With this heavy and sultry atmosphere there will be thunder and lightning, and they will clear the air!" he thinks, too, of the possibility of the thunder and lightning, but dreads them, and hopes against them, as if they might bear again in sight and sound the strict commands and fearful warnings of Sinai.

The gathering in Cloisterham Cathedral, this morning, is more than ordinarily numerous for

impressive service are intoned, praying for fit humility to approach into that Presence, so much more awful than any omen of the physical world,—and asking that the One sitting so high above all clouds and storms may not enter into judgment with those who have neither strength nor will for the great combat. It darkens still, and the candles are lighted in a brief compulsory pause,—before the commencement of that sublime Confession to which the breasts all of men, since the very foundation of the world, have had cause to echo, with more or less of fear and self-abasement. And there it hangs—that pall of semi-darkness, while the Prayer of Our Lord is repeated, and the *Venite exultemus Domino* rings out from choir and organ, with a significance only known to those who sit in grief, or guilt, or the deep shadow of some great peril by land or sea. It seems to lighten, though still the dusk is deeper than that of twilight, as the clear, soft voice of Mr. Crisparkle, its bright cheeriness mellowed in that atmosphere and that employment, reads the First and Second Lessons of the Day, with the *Te Deum laudamus* intervening, and carrying up the reverent soul to the very height of trembling adoration of the Divine Being. And then it settles and darkens again, with something of awful import in this veritable overshadowing, making cheeks whiter than usual, and far more than usual in the holiest places, blotting away the trifling things of the outer world, as worthy to be no more remembered in the face of the greater.

Then there comes a change, breaking in on the *Benedictus*, and making every one within the Cathedral start and shiver in an unacknowledged combination of physical and supernatural fear. The black wing moves, though still retaining its shadow; and the winds and the rains of heaven come with an accompaniment of rolling thunder, making the peal of the organ a faint and puerile imitation. Above the sound of that organ and the voices of the singers, the sweeping dash of the rain can be heard, as it lashes the great windows, and the fierce wind as it bursts, howls and shrieks around the staunch old edifice. Many cheeks pale, now, as they have not paled in many a long day—as if the God of the Storm, as well as the God of Love and Peace whom they ordinarily worship, was in their very midst, compelling a new knowledge of his attributes. More than once, Mr. Crisparkle, even his bright and cheerful spirit impressed by the omens, looks up in awed wonder not unmixed with a certain solemn artistic pleasure. More than once the Dean—man in whom the artistic sensibilities are much less fully developed than the sense of propriety, and the desire that "all things should be done decently and in order"—and who knows no reason whatever for thinking more profoundly of the thunder and the wind, this morning, than on an hundred other mornings of his life,—regrets that the visit of his Very Reverend brother of Baxetter should have been made under such auspicious circumstances, and at a time when his sermon, if this state of things continues, will scarcely be listened to with that attention which it will be certain to deserve.

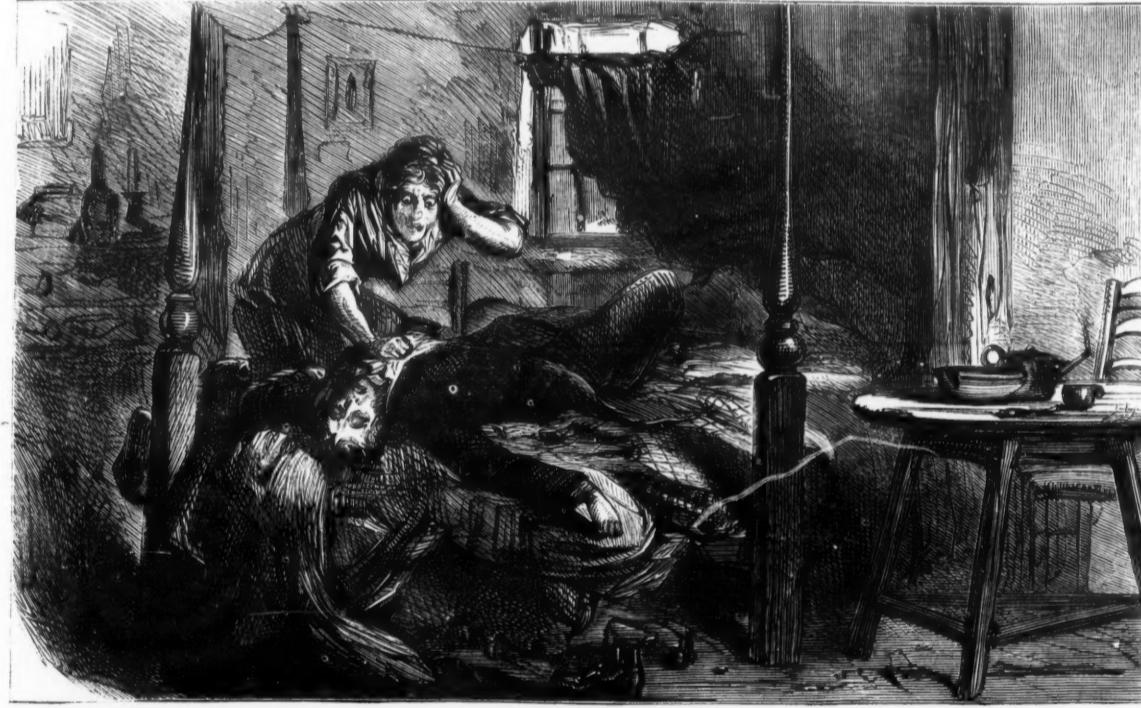
Possibly the Dean of Baxetter may be impressed with something of the same feeling, and a wish that, if this is the current sacerdotal weather at Cloisterham, he had concluded to pass on from the coast without visiting it. Sure it is that Mr. Tope, the while, has an attack of Tribulation, in a mild form and a different shape to that which it assumed in his communication to Mr. Crisparkle—noting less than a fear that his Cathedral may be damaged, to the extent of unknown pounds sterling, by one or the other of these extraordinary actions of the climate: the result being that he profits little by the service, looking upwards and around so anxiously as to excite apprehensions that he believes the roof to be coming down, in the breasts of those worshippers sitting near his favourite gate.

And John Jasper?

He has come out from a sick-room, if not from a sick-bed, at the solicitations of Mr. Crisparkle, and in the knowledge of the occasion being really an important one. He has nervously himself manfully, all things considered, to do his duty in the Cathedral, before the eyes (and eke the ears) of those who have known him so long, and of his Reverence the Dean of Baxetter. The knees may have been weak, the eyes may have been dim and filmy, the head may have been filled with a dull pain rendering him capable of little more than the mere mechanical exercises of his office—but what then? He has duties to do, and they must be done—done to the end! Perhaps there has been, now and again, a quaver not called for by the music, in the rich tenor inclining to the baritone, with which he has so often honoured the Church, pleased Cloisterham, and delighted the music-loving Minor Canon; but if so, no one seems to have detected the fact. He has held his choir, so to speak, well in hand; and despite all the omens of the storm, rarely have the musical portions of the service been more correctly and effectively conducted than on this occasion. If the Choir-Master's hair is grayer than its wont, and his face more haggard than any one has ever before seen it—those characteristics are not likely to be observed in the semi-darkness of the Cathedral, as he sits, prominent among the other white-robed of the earthly service—far-off types of those who know neither defiance, sin nor sorrow.

The *Jubilate Deo*, following, not supplementing, the *Benedictus*—possibly in honour of the Very Reverend visit—has just died upon the ear; when suddenly, as if all the preliminary darkness has been nothing more than a mere premonition, a new pall falls upon the Cathedral and all the worshippers within. There is neither rain nor wind, for the moment—as some, calmer and better circumstances than the others for observation, take note, and afterwards repeat it to the less-informed. The blackness seems almost palpable. The very candles become mere sparks in the heavy and murky atmosphere, and give scarcely the pitiful illumination of rushlights. The congregation feel, individually and collectively, that sinking of the heart and that suppression of the breath inevitable on the face of the Stupendously Awful and Untried. If the candles could give more than their insufficient light, absolute terror would be read on more faces than often express that painful feeling when removed from the presence of the direst physical danger.

It is at this most solemn and impressive of moments that Mr. Crisparkle, still officiating in



WRINGING A SECRET FROM DEATH.

corps belonging to every profession—not to credit him with any higher feeling. And so the expression of satisfaction blending with the surprise, and eventually supplanting it, may have been quite natural, as he said, in a voice very low and earnest:

"Neville, my dear young friend!—what does this mean?"

"Simply this, sir," was the reply. "These hours of comparative loneliness—yes, of misery—have driven me to more communion with my own heart than I might otherwise ever have found. I have become more and more satisfied, that a Hand, mightier than my own, and so much wiser, has been directing me in the way. He would have me go. I have heard words uttered by my dear sister, so long ago that she has no doubt forgotten them, ringing in to me on the sounds of the street, and even coming in my sleeping hours: 'Follow your guide, Neville, and follow him to heaven!' I am going to try it, sir. My life is broken, so that the sacrifice I offer is even poorer than it might have been; but such as I have, I offer it. I will 'follow,' sir, as I have been bidden; and perhaps the day may come, when I may be so favoured of Him as to 'lead' some other poor and broken man in the Way, with the Truth, and towards the Life."

For a moment, again, the Minor Canon was silent,—as to the sound reaching any earthly ears, at least. And when he spoke, without either quite knowing how the change of posture had occurred, Neville Landless was on his knee,

as mysteriously, and those by others that succeed with corresponding persistence.

Persons of quasi-marine temperament or vocation, who quarter the barometer as their arms, in compliment to their nearness to the coast, or from some connection with the boating interest—are led to notice, this morning, that the needle has been suddenly taken with an attack of St. Vitus' dance, flying hither and thither with a celerity giving suspicion that it has lost its metallic sense and fails to know what weather to foretell. Presumably, at the same time, grizzled and tarry old fellows, on the coast, where playing at sailors is less ornamental—these, carrying huge sea-glasses under arm and walking wide as if with that doubt about nice steering which requires much sea-room to avoid fouling,—observe the unsteady but dropping glass, cock up oblique eyes at the heavens, hitch up the fugitive trousers, transfer the quid to the other side of the mouth, and remark, sententiously, that if they haven't been man and boy on that coast for two-and-forty years, all for nothing, it'll give 'em more'n a capful of wind before they're many hours older—blow great guns, more likely than keep Blue Peter hanging down his head.

His Reverence the Dean, connected with one of those great old families entailing other blessings, sometimes, than property, becomes aware of peculiarities in the atmosphere, through the medium of his right great-toe, at the very moment when he is putting on the comely gaiters

any occasion less important than one of the great church festivals. For the coming of the Dean of Baxetter is known, by some inscrutable means defying type and telegraph, throughout the sleepy old town that has not too many sensations; and his admitted eloquence may have an equal share in attracting hearers to his expected sermon (nay, let us be charitable, and hope that it has more!) with the fact that he is the Honorable as well as the Very Reverend, with a Baron for his father, and an Earl as his uncle. So, although the morning threatens, the seats fill at an early hour, as if the occasion was a holiday one. In like manner, the choir mutters in full force—few pleasant rivalries being more declared than that which forbids that one of the great Cathedrals of the kingdom should be found deficient in thundering out melodious sound to the ears of the representative of another; and the choral strength of Cloisterham coming out in prompt season and excellent array, to delight and possibly astonish the Very Reverend of Baxetter.

It has already grown dusky in the Cathedral when the last notes of the organ, playing the voluntary, roll through the old vaulted pile, making it no difficult matter to believe that the conflict of the elements has already begun, and that the faint reverberation of distant thunder is muttering near. It grows even darker, seeming to shadow over the pile and the congregation with a great raven wing pausing as it sweeps by—when the first words of the im-

honour of his guest,—after only a moment of awed pause, in which the closing peal of the organ still rolls its minor thunders through the gray arches,—commences, with the voices of more than half the congregation fervently following, the Apostles' Creed:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth—"

Above his voice and the voices of all the others following, comes again the rushing of the mighty wing that has been for a brief space comparatively still; even above this, and the voices, and all else that can be thought or imagined, comes the crashing of the thunder, breaking and booming over the old pile with such awful nearness that the very pillars shake with the reverberation, and the frightened congregation grip their seats as if the power of the earthquake was unloosed. But still the Minor Canon reads on, and the frightened voices make some feeble attempts to follow, until those crowning words, at once of Hope and Fear, are reached:

"FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

For that instant, even to the dullest sense, it may almost seem that with the sublime and awful formula the more sublime and awful reality has been reached. Has not the End come, indeed? When has the like of this been? and how long, beneath such terrible blows and pressure, can the solid earth or any structure built upon it, continue to exist? Another thunder-crash, closer, deeper and more jarring and rending in its character, accompanied by a lightning flash of such intensity of glare that all eyes fall shut before it, in the very fear of blindness, only a few catching even one glimpse of the Cathedral interior, every detail lit up as no noon-day sun has ever had power to illuminate it. And even at this instant, another burst of wind, if possible a hundred times more fierce than that just died away—literally shaking the pile of massive stone as if it might be a mere structure of cardboard, and creating the natural fear that in a moment more, roof and arches and columns may all be lying a heap of ruins, upon and in the midst of hundreds of crushed and struggling human beings.

One instant more, and then the feared demolition seems to have begun. There is an awful crash, rather accompanying than following the culminating burst of the wind's fury—a sound that is only afterwards recognized as that of breaking, splintering, and falling glass, half-drowned in the terrified cry of hundreds of voices—as the great stained-glass window of the Chancel, the preceding instant so illuminated by the lightning that every sainted figure has little else than burned itself on the eye-balls—gives way under the pressure and falls crashing inwards. There is an instant redoubling of the cries of terror; a hurried rising from seats and pressing backwards, in the fear that the whole chancel is falling forward into the choir; then an earnest word from Mr. Crisparkle, to calm the terror and reassure the congregation. And then something else, as little expected as all preceding, and possibly lingering quite as long in the minds of the dwellers in Cloisterham, on that occasion present, as even the terror of the storm, and the serious damage to the Cathedral.

John Jasper, necessarily unobserved, like all others, at the moment of the catastrophe, and of whose action at that special instant, consequently, no account can be given—is missed from his seat when the first terror has passed, and the attempt is made to resume the interrupted services. And it is only by a comparison of notes among the frightened and therefore not too intelligible choristers, and others in the immediate neighbourhood—that the fact becomes patent of a white figure flitting away and disappearing, just when the physical winds and thunders broke deadliest over the Cathedral, with their accompaniment of crashing glass and terrified voices, at the same moment when the far awfulest thunders of the coming judgment fell, in those warning words of the Creed, from the mild lips of the Minor Canon.

He is known to have been very ill: he has been suddenly taken with a relapse, and hurried away for medical assistance, with the least possible disturbance to the congregation. This is the explanation naturally occurring to Mr. Tope, whose dignity has been more or less assailed by this infraction of rules in his Cathedral; and to Mr. Crisparkle, who has a certain regret for the persistence with which he has called out a sick man, possibly too ill properly to leave his room; and to the Very Rev. The Dean, who regrets the occurrence mildly, as is his habit—and the more mildly as being unusually absorbed, today, from the misbehaviour of his right great-toe; and to the other Very Rev. The Dean of Baxeter, who preaches his sermon, in the brightening Cathedral and the clearing weather, to less attention than he might have absorbed, in the event of the Chancel window not being broken to the extent of needing costly and difficult repairs—and who listens to a less perfect musical service, during the brief remainder, than he might be privileged to hear if the Choir-Master was not suddenly absent.

Absent! ay, that is the word, conveying so much in so little space. Absent!—show sent or forced away, through what combination of the ominous and the terrible in past recollections and future forebodings, driven upon heart and brain by those feeble reminders of the Thunders of Doom, bursting over Cloisterham Cathedral—there may be other imaginings than those of the good, literal people of the old city, who know no more of John Jasper, except the little conveyed by his scarcely remarkable exterior, than they know of some resident of the Antipodes. But absent, for the last time and for ever, from the seat he has occupied and the station he has filled; unless restless spirits do indeed walk the earth, as believed in the fancies of bygone ages and especially affect and haunt those places in which they have wrought, loved, enjoyed, sinned and suffered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE THORN OF ANXIETY.

MR. BAZZARD was back at Staple Inn. Mr. Grewgious was no longer alone, in the sense of having no one with whom to consult and no one to whom to defer—though the same mystery necessarily remained after his return, that had existed before his departure—what Staple wanted

with him, or he with Staple; what good was to be derived from his being there, or anywhere, as what harm could possibly have resulted from his being absent from that place or any other?

His return was as mysterious as his departure—which is saying much; the causes of both the departure and the return being (as already indicated) wrapped in corresponding obscurity. In point of fact, he came in the night, with a carpet-bag of threatening proportions—much more with the air, general equipment and indefinitely impression of one who was running away with the surreptitiously acquired contents of the carpet-bag before mentioned, and prudently choosing the night for that removal, that of one who had good right to bestow it and its contents where he would. At which period P. J. T., observer of entrances there since seventeen forty-seven, and Perpetually Jotting Traits of his visitors, though Perhaps Justifiably Tired of doing so as a Purely Judicial Trouble—looked down on him, as he passed through the Portal Jaundice-Tainted into the Premises Jointly Tenanted, and remarked to himself, in his grim silent way, that Positively Just Then the extraordinary person who had already proved the Poor Janitor's Torment, was Proceeding Jerkily Through, after a Prolonged Journey Tenebrous, with his Personalities Jealously Treasured (not to say, his Plunder Jammed Tightly), his Port Jauntily Tense, and no doubt again his Purposeless Jabber Threatening any who Tabernacled Joylessly There.

Whence he came, there was nothing in his appearance by which P. J. T. or any other could have decided positively, though any one of several hypotheses might be held as suggested. Thus he looked pale and puffy-faced enough, and seemed to have enough damp flabbiness in his complexion to have possibly spent most or all the warm period of his absence with the fish and oysters at the bottom of any imaginable river; his hair was cut so much shorter, though still retaining the tangled quarrelsome nature of each particular hair with all the other members of its family, to indicate that he might possibly have been passing away the hot weeks in the cool shade of a prison; and his lack-lustre and expressionless eyes seemed so peculiarly vacant, as to suggest that for a time he might have been entirely blotted out from the world in a sleep of several weeks duration, on awakening from which so fishy and glassy expression would be only natural.

He was evidently on good terms with himself, however—being more than before given to periods of chuckling, without palpable cause appearing at such moments for the same, and giving good reason for prefixing to the laughter the epithet vacant. He met Mr. Grewgious, on (in a legal phrase) putting in an appearance, with a species of sublime condescension which might have been very crushing in its effect on a man less Angular and consequently weaker in construction; and it became evident, at the first moment, that if there had been anything of inversion in the two positions of principal and clerk, that inversion was now to be intensified rather than changed. On the merest suggestion pointing thitherward, at their first meeting, the morning after his return—he first went into an air of Injury suggesting to the observer that there might be such a thing as Asking Too Much; then gradually changed into one of Conferring Benefits of such extent, magnificence and self-denial, that the devotion of a life-time on the part of the favored recipient could only go a short distance towards repaying them; then blandly continued the employment of the Substitute (substituted for himself), by ordering that temporary official down to the cellar for the bottles of Mr. Grewgious' choicest wine. On its obediently coming up for due destruction, he continued the Favour by dealing that destruction to one bottle and three-fourths, without much apparent suffering, while the owner was with difficulty imbibing the remaining quarter-bottle. In brief, Staple, if for a short time bereaved of any one capable of representing proprietorship of all the lands, tenements, messuages and hereditaments thereunto belonging and appertaining—could not be said to labour under any such bereavement for single hour after the re-appearance on the scene of Mr. Bazzard, who "mightn't like it else!"

The first night after his return, saw him a Compelled and Favouring guest at Mr. Grewgious' table, with a neat little supper from Furnival's, at disposal, and no company, other than what each supplied the other, to check the flow of conversation that might have been the most confidential. And confidential that conversation may really have been, even if uttered so loudly as to be heard in Holborn; for to the un-instructed ear it must have been little else than Choctaw, in possible honour of Mr. Bazzard's late wanderings and sequesterings; and it may even be so to the ear flattering itself with being, like Mr. Sapsea's, far from uninstructed.

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, at a certain turn in the conversation, which had been interrupted by occasional other uses of the lips than articulation. "Bazzard!—on this pleasant occasion, which, if I was a less Angular man, or there were more of us, I should be disposed to call a re-union,—allow me to give over again a toast which I have before taken the liberty of proposing at this table."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Bazzard, at once reflectively and patronizingly. "I follow you, sir, though I have not the slightest idea what you may happen to mean."

"Umps!" replied Mr. Grewgious, "If you don't mind my saying so, Bazzard, you ought to know to what I allude. Something very near to the hearts of both of us, from different causes. To yours, from proprietorship. To mine, because you might not be satisfied else—likewise on the ground of friendship. I give you—"

"Why, you don't mean, sir,—commenced Mr. Bazzard, interrupting in a manner which might have been impudent in any other than a proprietor.

"Umps! Yes, I do! That is precisely what I mean!" said Mr. Grewgious, interrupting in his turn, without due regard to the proprietorship in which he, as well as Staple and P. J. T. all happened to be held. "Yes, I say it again, as an Angular man, who from that fact cannot possibly go round anything and must approach it squarely. Not to mention other names, which you possibly mightn't like, I give you the Thorn of Anxiety; and I say again, with three times three understood—May it Come Out, and the sooner the better!"

"Why, what a blessed old bookworm and anti-

quity you are, sir," exclaimed Mr. Bazzard, comiserately—"not to know that it is already Out!"

"Out? Umps! Bazzard—do you positively mean to make the statement, that it is Out, and that I have never been informed of the fact? Bazzard, if I was not a man of peculiarly hard tendencies, without the power to become affected by ill-usage, I should feel the necessity of considering this glass Flowing Bowl, and drowning in it a certain amount of Sorrow."

"Don't, if you please, sir!" chuckled Mr. Bazzard, with the fatuous tendency very strongly marked, and hair, eyes, and complexion all playing their part in making him appear so, with great concert and vigour. "There is no occasion. You would not have enjoyed the Coming Out, had you been present; as indeed I was not, and only became informed of the circumstances through the medium of a friend."

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, staring blankly, "if I did not fear that you might not like it—might object, in point of fact, which would be unpleasant for both—I should be inclined to remark that this Burgundy is a trifle heady, and that it has a bad habit of confusing the distinction between subjects talked about, say, jumbling them up together. Candidly, now, is not that the case? Are you not referring, without being aware of the fact, to something else than the T. of A.?"

"Not at all, sir!" again chuckled Mr. Bazzard, with an access of vacuity, if such a thing could be possible, in eyes, hair, complexion, and general manner. "Certainly not, sir! It is of the T. of A. that I am speaking; and I tell you that it is Out."

"Umps! Of course, Bazzard, if you assert that it is Out, I must accept the statement; as no one should know better than yourself. But would it be asking too much, to request a trifle of information How it Came Out?" mildly and defensibly suggested Mr. Grewgious.

"On the contrary, sir, it becomes my duty to explain briefly all the circumstances connected with its Coming Out," patronizingly replied Mr. Bazzard, taking a sip of the wine, and loftily waving his flabby hand; whereat Mr. Grewgious, more or less encouraged, also took a sip of wine, but did not wave his Angular hand.

"If you will kindly permit me, sir, to tell the story in my own way, and not ask too many irrelevant questions, I think that we shall finish all the sooner, and all the better," remarked Mr. Bazzard, with the strongly injured air of one who had always been broken in upon, put out of the course of his narrations, badgered, trampled down in all immaterial senses, and generally rendered an object of pity, by the arrogant and overbearing tyrant at the other side of the table.

"Quite right, Bazzard, I am sure," echoed the arrogant and overbearing tyrant, in his mildest and least Angular manner. "Be kind enough to tell the story in your own way—you mightn't like it, else, you know."

"Well, then, sir," proceeded the victim, with his injured air rapidly changing back to flabby inconsequence, "I will tell you how the T. of A. Came Out. You will understand, of course, that I am not telling you of anything that I have been doing—only relating, in a very brief way, the adventures of a friend of mine."

"God bless me!—no, Bazzard, of course I understand that you are not speaking of yourself—only of a friend of yours. Umps! what did you say was his name?" Mr. Grewgious, thus responding, and thus inquiring, was at the moment perusing the smoky ceiling with great asiduity, as if he expected to find the name inscribed there in large capitals, but had somehow overlooked it.

"Name of Datchery," proceeded Mr. Bazzard, "so impressively as to bring down the eyes to their proper level. Place of birth, immaterial; age, ditto; family, ditto; profession, legal. You quite understand, sir?"

"Bazzard, I follow you, as you have obliged me by doing, once and again," replied Mr. Grewgious. "I follow you, and I fancy that I understand you. From motives of prudence, and in fear that any of the rats in the wainscot may have been retained by the other side, we will assume the professional and merely say *alter ego*."

"My friend Datchery," pursued Mr. Bazzard, "came into the case, or in reference to the dramatic character of the affair, we will say came upon the stage, precisely at the time when I took the liberty of arranging a short summer vacation and went down to Norfolk."

"Tick that off—yes, Bazzard, you went down into Norfolk," assented Mr. Grewgious, at the moment making a telescope of the bottom of his glass, as if endeavouring to survey that distant county of the North Folk. "And Scratchery—did I follow you correctly, and understand his name to be Scratchery?"

"No, sir—Datchery—'Datchery'—repeatedly Datchery," corrected Mr. Bazzard, severely; adding, in a yet severer tone of voice: "Am I to understand, sir, that these interruptions are to cease, or that they are not?"

"Save the man! I was not aware that I was interrupting. Pray proceed!" apologized Mr. Grewgious, putting something red into his glass, to make the bottom clearer for the next distant survey.

"Crime had been committed, at a place called Cloisterham, in Chalkshire, of which you may have heard, sir."

"Am I to answer, Bazzard?—or would that be interrupting?" humbly inquired Mr. Grewgious.

"Answer? of course, sir! How could you follow me else?" at once explained and inquired Mr. Bazzard.

"Yes, Bazzard, I have heard, then, of Cloisterham—possibly seen it, at some remote period."

"Crime, as I said, or ought to have said, had been more or less committed. Intended victim had, in point of fact, escaped through something little less than a miracle. Intended victim, immediately after escaping, was placed in a difficulty—indeed, in what might have been called a quandary. Attempted murderer, and real murderer, as he believed, was relative of supposed victim. Supposed victim, closer acquaintance of my friend Datchery than most people dreamed, having seen a little London life in his company, in a quiet way—. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I follow you, Bazzard, and I drink to the success of your friend Datchery."

"Supposed victim," Mr. Bazzard continuing, "put himself into communication with Datchery,

probably as the most consummate ass that he knew."

"I follow you, Bazzard, and I quite agree with you," assented Mr. Grewgious, with gratuitous willingness and energy. Whereupon Mr. Bazzard frowned with a double ferocity of fatuity; but continued:

"In serious doubt, supposed victim, how he could manage to punish attempting murderer, whom he could not avoid sparing, for blood-sake, and whom he must necessarily regard with horror after such attempt. Consulted my friend Datchery, who like a blessed inspired idiot—"

"Save the man!—what admirable choice of terms!" explained Mr. Grewgious, as an "aside," which of course could not be noticed as in the general conversation.

"Advised continued concealment of supposed victim, temporary absence from the country (rendered easy by previous arrangement for employment abroad), and the putting into his (my friend Datchery's) hands, of certain data and materials for working upon the fears and possibly affecting the conscience of supposed murderer. Do you follow me, sir, here?"

"I follow you, friend Datchery—Bazzard, there; and I quite appreciate his inspired idiocy."

"My friend Datchery, to whom had been entrusted the T. of A., having a desire to bring it out through certain experiments on the mentality of the guilty, and taking care not to mention that fact to escaped victim, who might otherwise have objected, on the ground that supposed murderer might better be arrested and dealt with at once—"

"Than tortured, and murdered by inches, in that way," Mr. Grewgious obliged him by concluding the unfinished sentence. "Yes, Bazzard, I follow you, and quite agree with what would have been the sentiments of the escaped victim, had he known the whole case."

"Result," continued Mr. Bazzard, apparently growing tired either of the narration or the interruptions, "may be stated in a few words. Supposed victim went away. My friend Datchery experimented, assisted by an old official donkey, named Sapsea, whom he cajoled and flattered out of his few wits; a nondescript dun-headed named Durdles, with several grains of native sense, whom he hired; and a poor little cripple named Little Crawshaws, whom he patted and paid—liberally, for Datchery.

"Bazzard, I drink to the health of your friend Datchery again, without any reservation on the score of idiocy or otherwise!" exclaimed Mr. Grewgious, suiting the action to the word.

"Thanks, sir, on his behalf!" replied Mr. Bazzard, his flabby face for the moment lightened by something more notable than romantic vacancy. "When I communicate with my friend Datchery, Mr. Grewgious, if I ever do, I shall take pleasure in conveying to him your very kind sentiments. But to proceed, and very briefly. At a certain time, not long since, my friend Datchery was surprised by the coming home of supposed victim, who had imbibed a specially idiotic idea that his relative was punished sufficiently, and must by that time be repentant. Besides, as appeared on cross-examination, there was a young woman in the case, and he was awfully spoony to see her. My friend Datchery tabooed the young woman, peremptorily; enjoined continued concealment of person, and no communication with any one but himself, on penalty of throwing up the case; and then allowed the young numskull to see how 'repentant' his precious relative was!"

"Umps!" said Mr. Grewgious. "I not only follow you, here, but I have heard of the incident. Does my recollection fail me, or was the party named Philips?"

"Recollection quite correct, sir, but unnecessary to be brought in at this stage of the case, in my opinion!" answered Mr. Bazzard, severely, but still continuing.

"Effect of that exposition of his relative's 'repentance,' quite satisfactory to supposed victim, who thereupon put himself even more completely than before in my—I mean to say in the hands of my friend Datchery. General results magnificent, though possibly there might be difference of opinion, in the mind of any party favourably disposed towards the criminal, who became cognizant of all the circumstances. Only one other interruption, and that occurring very lately."

Mr. Bazzard paused, with a certain air of expecting to be interrogated; and Mr. Grewgious, thus permitted, again interrupted.

"As what, Bazzard—may I ask?"

"The presence, sir, at Cloisterham, of a young person of the male sex, named Gilvert. For whom, sir, I am pained to say that I believe I—that is, my friend Datchery,—must hold you largely responsible. Be good enough to answer the question—are you, or are you not retained, say in Gilvert v. Jasper?"

"Umps! Answering with more than the ordinary professional candour, then, Bazzard—I am."

"So my friend Datchery thought, sir, and he—that is, he blessed you accordingly. For a more difficult person to put off a scold, or keep from meddling with things beyond his capacity, I—that is, my friend Datchery, never had the unhappiness of knowing. He is not even certain how much the youngster discovered, and would probably be a shade more comfortable if he knew. So young and so fine-looking, too, though in a sort of feminizing way—so at least my friend Datchery says—it seems really a pity that he should exhibit such Juvenile Depravity."

"Umps!" said Mr. Grewgious, setting down his glass for the more convenient rubbing of his hands, and then taking it up again as if with a new relish of it and its contents. "Bazzard, if you don't specially object, I will interpolate by giving you the health of Gilvert—Joseph Gilvert, Esq., of any place you choose to name. Eh, Bazzard! save the man!—he doesn't mean to refuse my toast?"

"No, sir," said Bazzard, taking up his glass and drinking with so wry a face, that its doughy surface was temporarily changed, even if scarcely for the better. "I meet your wishes, sir, and I drink to Gilvert, under protest, and with a wish that he may be—not to mince matters—Smothered!"

"Smothered, sir!" continues Mr. Bazzard; "and to promote this consummation, sir—on my part, at least, devoutly to be wished—I am willing, nay, anxious, to expend one-third of my quarterly income for purchasing the necessary feather-beds for the purpose; for of all young

men—and young men, as a rule, are excessively antagonistic to temperament—this particular young man, if you will allow me the expression, is the antagonisticest; and, I repeat—being willing to go to the stake for my opinion—I think he ought to be suddenly and completely smothered!"

Mr. Grewgious, oddly enough, chuckled a little at this unamiable wish; then asked a question of importance to the general issue.

" You were about giving me the result, Bazzard—which I suppose that I am also to understand as the Bringing Out of the T. of A? Yes? Well, then—what is the exact result, as at present illustrated in the condition of the supposed murderer? Your friend Datchery as authority—remember!"

" Supposed murderer, sir," returned Mr. Bazzard, loftily, "is, so far as my friend Datchery has informed me—at the present moment a remarkable proof of the power of Genius as applied to the Unhinging of a man, or so to speak, Disjoining him. He is hovering undecidedly, I—that is, my friend Datchery thinks, between the Madhouse and the Tomb, with odds in favour of the latter, because there will probably not be time left him to reach the former. He is likewise a notable illustration—so my friend Datchery also gives me as his opinion,—that Crime, considered as a Fine Art, seldom pays, with Amateurs, whatever it may do in the hands of Professionals."

" And your friend Datchery, Bazzard? May I be allowed to inquire what has happened to him?" suggested Mr. Grewgious, with his Angular eyes screwed into a queer contemplation through the two sides of his empty glass, which produced the pleasant effect so congenial to the human mind, of distorting everything within view.

" My friend Datchery, sir, having Brought Out the T. of A. upon this broad stage of everyday life and action, instead of confining that great drama to the mere walls of a theatre, may be said to have Had Enough Of It. As I am at present informed, yesterday or the day preceding, with nothing more to do, and in point of fact with affairs outrunning any efforts of his—that inspired idiot rubbed out with a damp towel the Runemarks, in chalk, on the door of the closet at his lodgings, with which he had in a sort of droll way recorded his progress in discovery as well as displayed his knowledge of the Norse system of writing down historical records—paid his last weekly bill, and—Disappeared."

" Poor Datchery!" exclaimed Mr. Grewgious, solemnly, pouring out into his glass and that of the other, at the moment, the wine remaining in the third bottle. " Poor Datchery! if he is really Gone, if you don't mind, Bazzard, we will both drink to his Memory."

" I follow you now, and I join you, sir, if you will permit me a slight addition to the sentiment," said Mr. Bazzard, with corresponding gravity. " I drink, sir, to his Memory and his Bequest!"

" Lord save us!" cried Mr. Grewgious, in affright. " You don't mean to tell me that he has left anything! Anything in the shape of another Duty, or Search, or Quest, or Mission, that would seriously mar the future legal prospects of any one accepting it!"

" No—nothing of the sort, sir, I am happy to say," returned Mr. Bazzard. " The only Bequest, that I am aware of, was made to myself, in the shape of poor Little Crawshe, the crippled fisherman's-boy, for whom I stand pledged under that Bequest, to try whether the best surgical skill in the city cannot invent an apparatus for holding up his head without the constant and painful use of his hand—thus rendering the poor little faithful fellow less a cripple."

" Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, warmly, reaching across the table to shake hands in accordance with the expression. " Bazzard, allow me to shake hands with you, as substitute for your friend Datchery, who has Disappeared! Permit me to express my appreciation of him, as a benevolent idiot, as well as an inspired one. It seems to have been a somewhat hair-brained work that he set himself to do; and the amount of good really achieved, balanced against the harm, may be problematical, if you will excuse a plain Angular man using so long and round a word. But I fancy that he has performed his task very creditably, under all the circumstances; and his Bequest is certainly a thoughtful and a proper one. We will cherish, so far as other matters will allow, his Memory. And tomorrow, Bazzard—if you don't mind—certain hindrances and obstructions being now out of the way, to both of us—to-morrow we will devote to gathering up some of the lost ends of Business."

" I understand you, sir, I follow you, I quite agree with you, and I thank you!" said Mr. Bazzard, draining the last drop in his glass and the last that it will be our privilege to drain, even in imagination, in his company.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOING ELSEWHERE.

AGAIN John Jasper crosses the threshold of the disreputable house in the East—seeking what a thousand thousand of worse and better men have sought, in one or another of the ages of the world, at the same time that they dreaded the possibility of finding it with a dread unspeakable. He is seeking, again, Temporary Oblivion: how little he, or any other—the guiltiest, quite as little as the most innocent—would carry out the words often rashly and impiously uttered, and seek the naked phrase Oblivion without a qualifying precedent! Perhaps the question may rise, in connection, whether it is not always more or less dangerous to seek, in any other mode than that by Heaven appointed, Sleep, that, temporarily, which must be shuddered at as coming eternally—whether any Brain or any Lip is safe, when its owner rushes too madly upon Present Ease at the possible price of Future Misery,—let wine, the drug, or some modern anaesthetic refuge of shuddering and pain-dreading humanity supply the temptation!

But this man, if any thought he has in the matter, holds a widely different one. The time has come to him, when of all the blessings of that life which is an aggregated distortion, the richest is to be found in a single draught of the waters of Lethe. To be—small matter how, for even a short period, no longer himself, no longer any one, no longer anything—to have, for that certain period, neither part nor lot in the world of

thought, feeling, sensation, hope, fear, dread, love, hate, revenge, deceit, calculation—to be, indeed, for that period, one of the very weeds that lie noisome and rotting on the bank of the River of Forgetfulness—this has come to be the chief good. And here he has found it, once and again, and in different measures, according as the changes in his own system and the developments supplied by the dark wisdom of others, have made succeeding stages possible. How magnificently he found that for which he was looking, almost in despair—last time! How splendidly he sank, almost in a moment, like a stone dropped into the very centre of the dark pool,—only making a few pleasant ripples, as he went down, shaping themselves into rosy clouds and fairy forms, to an accompaniment of the most delicious music; and how he came up again, after a time, with no more effort—weakened a

of a betraying word. He has had an attack of extraordinary feebleness, too, at his hotel, since his attempt at supper—alarming the servants and for a time himself, besides making his visit even later than intended. So it is past midnight when his foot presses the mouldy and half-rotten step of his true *Lust in Rust*.

But he is strangely nervous as he commences to ascend the dark, creaky stairways that he has ascended so often. Does something of the morning remain? Possibly. For certainly, by no means an imaginative man by nature, he has abundance of the faculty now. He knows, in his inner consciousness, that there is no truth in the imagination, the tumble-down old tenement being chiefly occupied by other ramifications of vice and crime; but in his outer fancy he cannot divest himself of the idea that in certain closets of the landing along which he stumbles, there

the candle, though my cough is so dreffle bad and my hand shakes so that it's like to drop off! Who are ye? Oh!"

The candle is now alight and she sees his face: bringing out in that word so much that the hearer cannot understand, and into the wrinkled, discoloured, flabby and usually-expressionless old countenance, so much that it might be well for him to read, for his soul's sake. He hears nothing but the simple word of surprised recognition—sees nothing in the face, of that fierce satisfaction only known in the human visage when a great ambition, a great love, or a great revenge is about to be satisfied.

" Yes," he says, "you see who it is, do you not?"

" Yes, deary, I see who it is," she mumbled in reply, setting down the candle, so that it will not shine quite so revealingly on the disgusting



BETROTHAL WITHOUT WORDS.

little, certainly, in body, but oh, so refreshed in mind, and so ready to grasp, in a moment, what he needed to grasp for the difficult duties of his waking hours! None of that painful striving to get away from himself, on that occasion; none of that fearful wrestling with shapes seeming like demons of Sensation fighting those of Unconsciousness, which had so often troubled him since the habituating of body and brain to bear stronger inhalations of the narcotic. It had been, that once as in his first attempt, when every nerve was fresh and sensitive: he had regained what he believed to be a lost Power—the power of Totally Quitting Himself—leaving his body a mere tenement-shell, to be re-entered at will; he had regained a lost Enjoyment, beyond question—the Enjoyment of Death in Life. And why, thus remembering and thus tempted, should he not try it Once More? Why not, indeed? Why should any of us, at any time, who have eaten stolen fruit, or trodden upon forbidden ground, or broken some canon native to the conscience, and as yet suffered no fatal damage thereby—why should we not try it Once More? What if there is a hand, unknown as to the body to which it belongs, but awfully distinct as to its shape and office, writing on the walls of consciousness, now and again, three warning words that always read the same and so grow rather wearisome than impressive—"Once Too Late"? What if even this should be? Must that which has been, always exist? Some prophecies have been fulfilled—but have all? Other hands have written upon other walls and with other words than those inscribed above the feast in Belshazzar's palace; but have the Medes and Persians always followed the inscription? Humanity trows not, and can cite any number of instances of non-fulfilment. Again, why not Once More?

He has much occasion for Oblivion, now—the deepest and the most enduring. Since the last time, he has seen the spectre in the crypt and heard the warning thunders break over the Cathedral. The unknown and formless shapes have been drawing closer and more numerously around him since then. He has kept his room since the last misadventure, allowing the services of the Cathedral to go on without him, and refusing the visits of condolence in favour of the mere messages. But he has shut out nothing so; for only last night he went to the window, attracted by the same infernal power which has more than once lured him to additional pain and terror—and there, as he drew aside the curtain and looked out, believing that he should see it, there he saw the pursuing shape—dog-like and yet so much more terrible than any dog of flesh and bone—erect, black, grim, immovable, inscrutable as to the three possibilities of its derivation. And this very morning—God of Heaven!—the very recollection is enough for madness!—this morning he saw snakes gliding across the floor of his room, hither and thither, under the chairs, over the keys of his piano, and one of them—acme of all that is shuddering and most horrible!—one of them he distinctly saw crawling into one of his shoes, and attempting to coil itself away there, though he failed to secure it or any of the others, that must have come out from the dank old walls and escaped back into them!

So he has come again, deserting sick-room and almost sick-bed for the Once More. He has been so feeble, most of the day, as only to be able to leave Cloisterham late and reach the city long after dark. He has no appointment this time, and really needs none, having escaped one of the chief terrors of his pursuit, and become confident that under the new and better shape of the drug his lips are sealed beyond any danger

lie grinning and gibbering Lascars, Chinaman, and sailors debauched by trading in the China seas, fighting with the fumes of the Accursed Sleep (the world's thought—not his—he knows better!) and gripping ugly knives to stab and slash any who approach. Once or twice he almost believes that he hears their sterborous breathing and catches their muttered words—words that may be, after all, nothing but the scrambling of the rats up and down their favourite highway.

He passes on, however, with more of those nervous tremors than he can ever remember assailing him within the same space of time and in the same place, since the night of his first visit. He reaches the well-known door—now, standing half-open in the full darkness without and the worse than semi-darkness within, a mere dusky formless space—entering within which he sees, relieved against the miserable window by the dim light coming in from the more miserable court, the two awry posts forming the foot of the bed and cutting the window itself vertically into uneven stripes. He sees this, as he has so often seen it before, but for some cause seems to note it more carefully, in particular, than on any previous visit. He sees, too, as he has so often seen before, in a distant point of the room a single glowing spark, that indefinitely awakes the idea in his mind of a tiger's eye glaring out from a black jungle; and near it a dark shapeless mass that he knows to be the bed; and between that and the brazier of the spark, a black form rocking to and fro and moaning and babbling out words, half cough and strangle, that may be unmeaning and may only be worse!

It is after he is fairly within the room and has accustomed his eyes to the partial darkness, that he becomes aware of one effect of his failing to arrange for his visit, in the shape of a limp motionless figure lying against the black heap of the bed and clasping it like some huge vampire bat. How acute this man's senses are to-night—for what reason none may know. Many a time and oft he has seen others there; and yet in neither case has he been so overcome, for a single moment, by an unconquerable disgust and horror towards the old woman, the place, all who frequent it (including himself), and every detail and surrounding in the remotest degree, connected with it! For one instant, he is almost on the point of doing what he has never done before in any resolution of life directed by his own sole power—turning about and going away, before recognized by the crone, at whose lips he sees the golden worms chasing each other around the fiery bowl of his pipe, proving that she is at once recommending her prescription to others, and medicining her troublesome cough, by being herself a free and liberal customer. But the unaccustomed impulse passes away as it came: what has happened, or what can happen, to make it proper for him, John Jasper, to forfeit the relief for which he has come so far and under so many difficulties?

He steps forward; the sound of his foot breaks even through the half-insensibility of the old woman. He can see that she lays down her pipe and forces herself to her feet, managing to find a match even in the midst of one of her paroxysms of coughing, and to set it and the candle alight, with more speed than she might have mustered when less under the influence of the drug. And as she lights she coughs and mumbles:

" Who are ye, deary, comin' on the poor old soul in the dark? Wait a minute, and I'll have

figure on the bed, and then dropping back into her chair in an access of coughing which threatens to send her flying over the room in fit pieces for cat's-meat. " But ye come on the poor old soul so sudden, deary! Why didn't ye let her know, so that she could get ready?"

" Never mind that!" he answers, brusquely. " I suppose that you are ready enough, at any time when I don't object to having somebody in my way—unless you have had so much business to-night, that you need no more. If so, I can find what I need elsewhere."

" Oh, no, no, deary!" she coughs and strangles. " Oh, no, no, business is dreffle bad, and my poor lungs is tied down with ropes and strings, s' that they cut me with the cough. O me, O poor me! Here's all I've had, to-night—this thief of a Chinaman and he's gone off with only half his pipes. Oh my poor head—it's splittin' to bits and splintered."

" Stop," he says, severely. " Not so many words, and more to the purpose. I told you that I might come again in a few days, and I have done so."

" Yes, deary, I understand ye," she interrupts, between two dreadful coughing rattles which sandwich her words into a most pitiable compound. " Yo want more of the new mixer that sent ye off so easy and didn't make ye speak so much as a single word—don't ye, deary?"

" That is what I want, if you have it. Can you mix precisely as you did the other night? Mind—no more of your swindling me with trash, or you have seen me for the last time."

" Don't ye be alarmed, deary!" she replies. " O me, my lungs is dish-rags. The price of the new mixer, that is so strong and sends ye off easy, has gone up dreffle, deary, and ye must pay accordin' to it; but the poor old soul has some of it, waitin' for ye, and can get it ready in a minute, if ye won't be so hard with her when her cough is shakin' her to bits."

" Ah, well," he says, with gratification. " You may get it ready, then; and give me enough of it to make me sleep longer than the last time—mind that! Stop! this carrion must be moved. Do you think that I will lie on that bed, alongside of hin'?"

" Oh, we are squeamish and perticler, deary, to-night, all along of our being so fortinet in our business, maybe! O me—but it pears that my dreffle cough did tear out bit of my poor lungs, then. But never mind, deary—you shall have it yer own way. Kick him—maybe he'll wake; for he hasn't the new mixer as the poor old soul saves for them as needs it and can pay accordin' for it, and don't even take it herself."

" Wake him!" he replies, with a scoff. " You might as well try to wake the bed-post; and if you could, you may want his knife between your ribs—I don't!"

" O me, my head is splittin'! But he hasn't no knife, deary—the poor old soul takes care o' that before they begins, with the Lascars and the Chinamen and sometimes with the sailors as is very old and hard-lookin'. He hasn't no knife, deary; but—"

" But what?"

" If ye don't like him here, where there's no one as has a better right than you, deary, we can carry him out."

" Where?"

" Out there in the hall-way, deary, where there's many of 'em has slept it off, when there wasn't room here."

Within three minutes thereafter, with more strength than one hour ago he believed himself to possess, but not with more energy and determination than he has always known himself to possess—John Jasper has dragged that miserable and supine Chinaman off the bed, through the

door, and into the hall-way—no more sign of walking from his opium-sleep, meanwhile, than in the quoted bed-post, that may indeed have imbibed something from the repeated fumefactions of the atmosphere, and thus fallen into its helpless and staggering condition. This special Monarch of the Realm of Sleep is dethroned, with the same suddenness and something of the same violence often shown in the abolition of dynasties in his own Flowery Land; and he, who looked like a bundle of very dark foul-clothes, lying on the bed—lies in the corner of the hall-way, without, like the same foul clothes waiting for the untidy washerwoman—possibly supplying to any rat that may pass, *en promenade*, text for a lecture at the next meeting of the Society for Promoting the Avoidance of Poisoned Cheese, on the stupidity as well as the helplessness of that dreaded larger animal, Man.

This diversion of the attention of her customer gives the old woman an opportunity to prepare the "mixer" for him—as she does by staggering to the rickety little table at the window, taking from the bosom of her gown what has been so carefully preserved there, as against accident for him, and charging the pipe with an amount of it which would probably drive Dr. Chippocoyne into paroxysms of self-upbraiding, and set Joe Gilfert to looking about for the syringe and a pint of cold water. Her theft was one covering a liberal amount of the drag; she has seen that a small quantity only induced sleep, however profound, for a certain brief period; she is confident that twice the quantity will be necessary, with a head so seasoned as that of her customer, to induce that longer stupor possibly needed for her purposes—that full and explicit opening of the sealed lips, without which she must die miserable; and she "mixes" in accordance with those general and special principles.

It is almost ready when John Jasper returns from his little excursion without the door, and after closing it; it is quite ready, the moment after, and the withered and evil old face brought back to its ordinary expression, from whatever unusual aspect may have temporarily dwelt upon it. In spite of this, when she says, holding out the pipe, that nearly falls down from her trembling hand in another of the coughing and strangling paroxysms:

"It's all ready for ye, deary—good and strong, and will send ye off quicker than ye ever went in yer life. O me, my lungs and my poor head!"

Then, moved by something for which he can't account, he pauses and looks fixedly at her, at the moment of throwing off his coat—with a shade of suspicion in his face that freezes her small remaining quantity of blood and nearly sends her quaking to the floor,—uttering, in a hard, grating voice, quite as threatening as the words:

"Old woman! no tricks, to-night! If this is not what you pretend—if it is not the same that I had the last time—look out for yourself, for I shall remember, and I shall settle with you by something worse than merely paying you no more money. Take care—I say!"

"Whatever do ye mean, deary? and me so dreffle bad with the cough and my head splitting like a bullet of wood!" she whines, in reply. "If ye want the poor old soul to swear, deary, she'll do it—that the mixer is just what ye had the other night, nothing else—she'll help her!"

"Very well, then. Give me the pipe."

If there was any doubt—if there was really anything in the crone's manner, awakening suspicion—the one has passed and the other been accounted for. His coat has dropped. He sits down on the side of the bed, so lately occupied by the repulsive Chinaman and possibly yet warm with his uncleanness. She hands him the pipe, and he places the mouth-piece between his lips and inhales a few unctions. Ah!—how the dull eyes brighten momentarily, and the whole manner becomes that of a thirsty man just drinking that for which he has waited so long!

"It is the same: it operates like the other: do not mind what I said," he utters, in a very different voice, the mental softening with the physical. "Ah! they are coming again—the sweet sounds, the beautiful shapes, the brilliant colours. Heaven! how bright and glorious it all is! See that no one disturbs me, no matter how long I sleep, or I shall—go elsewhere."

He has sunk down upon the bed now, with the pipe falling into such a rest that the mouth-piece remains as well between the lips as it would do if held in the hand. He breathes long and steadily, inhaling the fumes with every breath, and the room becoming more full of the aromatic air than could be known, except by an outsider coming suddenly into it. And the poor old soul, sitting down close beside him, where she can watch him most closely until the moment when he seems sufficiently stupefied for her experiment, inhales more of the odour than she possibly suppose.

How pleasant it becomes to her, after a few moments! How the pain of her racking cough has ceased! How every nerve and faculty seems to be at ease and peace! She, too, though her eyes are open and looking at the sleeper, waiting for the moment when she can "make you talk, deary!"—she, too, hears pleasant sounds; and the next moment she sees bright colours, too, for the eyes have closed without her being aware of the fact or having strength to fight the influence even if she knew. And then—a moment more—she is as fast asleep as the slumberer on the bed, though far from so sound in the nature of the slumber: sitting doubled up and half-fallen forward in her chair, like a tumbled cushion of large size and very uncleanly character.

How long this may last, she has no idea. Half an hour—an hour—may have passed, when she wakes with a start of recollection where she is and what there is to do—that valuable time is passing, and without care she may miss the great object after all.

She rises, with an effort and the inevitable strangling and rattling cough of any exertion. She sees John Jasper lying there, as she left him—the head thrown farther back and the right hand clenched, but with the pipe-stick still between his teeth. All is not over, then, even if she has slept; for his slumber is still unbroken, and there is yet time.

No time that must be lost, however. What is to be done, must be done at once. Her head is a little stupid; but she tries to remember exactly the action of Joe Gilfert under similar circumstances, and succeeds passably well. He is so sound in sleep that she does not need to go

behind the bed—only to approach it in front, lean over, and put her palms to the two points before pressed by the handsome boy. She lays one of the skinny and shaking hands on the top of the head, then applies the other to the palm of the left hand, which fortunately lies open. At the instant of doing so, she utters a scream rendered doubly horrible by the rattling cough blending with it,—half starting up from the bed and then throwing herself literally upon it and its burthen.

What is it that she has discovered? What! She puts her old face and ear close to the mouth of the sleeper, then screams again and feels with the fingers of one shaking hand for the pulse at the wrist. Then, with yet another scream, blending rage and fright, she hobbles to the little table, takes part of a glass of water standing there, and dashes it full in the face of the slumbering man. Then, with one longer and fiercer scream, in its hoarse horror not unlike that of a horse dying in torture in flames or on the battle-field—she throws herself back on the bed, grasps at the neck-cloth of the sleeping man, tears it off, throws open the neck and bosom of his shirt, and forces one of her hands down the breast to the region of the heart. No motion, all this time,—none even when his person is touched and that sanctuary of the person invaded!

He must be sleeping soundly—must he not?—even for a slumber under the skilled preparation of Dr. Chippocoyne!

But the bleared old eyes see something on the shoulder that has been so far uncovered. With a cry blended of rage and despair, and still the hoarse cough making a third in the elements of jarring sound, she pounces down again, so to speak, on that shoulder, tears down the linen still further, and follows that motion with a veritable howl accompanied by another motion most unaccountable and possibly most cruel. With all the power remaining in her enfeebled body, she raises her right hand and brings it down heavily on that something on the shoulder, which may be broad scar or may be a birthmark. No wincing even at this, on the part of the sleeper who sleeps so soundly; but the flesh is more sensitive. A moment, while the bleared eyes continue looking with a hungry keenness, and coughing, moaning and crying still: and then from the centre of the something on the shoulder there rise two letters, livid white on a ground of purple red: "T. F."

She starts up, then, chuckling hoarsely and rubbing her hands, even in the midst of her evident alarm. The fierce Evil Joy of revenge seems to predominate even over Fear, as she points one of her skinny and shaking fingers at the motionless form on the bed, and apostrophizes it with a broken coughing and rattling vindictiveness more horrible than any other of the surroundings.

"The poor old soul has done it, deary, after all! Ye didn't keep ye's secret from her, even though ye died to do it! Ye haven't always been John Jasper, deary!—not when ye'r double tongue named ye Jean Journeaux, when ye were sowing what I suppose ye called yer wild oats, away over beyond the water, there—first singin' away and then stealin' away the only child I had in the world—even if she was nothing but a ballet-girl! I've known ye, deary, all along, though I couldn't get words to prove it! If I could, the poor old soul would ha' sent ye back, long ago, to the galley at Toulon, where they put ye for killin' the only one as stood up for her—where they give you tha' pretty mark, deary, and where ye'd have been t-day, but for knowin' how to make yourself somebody else, and gettin' away!"

She has dropped into the rickety chair, with thorough exhaustion, coughing and strangling as if that last hour so soon to come has come indeed; and it is from that chair, too weak to rise, that after a moment she again stretches out her skinny finger and concludes her awful apoplectic.

"Ye've gone to a worse place, deary, to get quit of the poor old soul; and she sent ye there—she sent ye there! Ye did talk, deary, as I said ye would—with yer skin if not with yer lips. And the old woman—O me, my lungs are rags and my head is splittin'—ye'r fine family 'll never know anything of it, or how it come about; but the old woman is even with ye at last, deary!"

"See that no one disturbs me, no matter how long I sleep, or I shall—go elsewhere," Such were John Jasper's last words, lying down to the Accursed Sleep. Without the outrage being committed, he has fulfilled the threat! Nothing has disturbed him—noting shall or can disturb him, till the sounding of that Trunpet of Doom of which he half believed, the other day, that he heard the thunders breaking over old Cloisterham Cathedral; and yet he has gone Elsewhere!

CHAPTER XXV.

WHY? WHY? OH, WHY?

MRS. BILLICKIN was at once in her Glory and her Misery. The statement may seem a contradiction in terms; and yet such a complication of affairs is entirely, possible—as any young lady can bear witness, who on the same day has received an offer of marriage from the most eligible of men, to whom she has long been tenderly attached,—and lost a valuable bracelet, impossible of duplication, or fallen into an attack of the tic doloreux. Deliberately is the incongruity repeated: Glory and Misery. On the afternoon of that day, Miss Twinkleton and Rosa were to leave the lodgings in Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square—the former to return to her duties at the Nun's House, at Cloisterham; the latter, for some cause no longer fearing Mr. Jasper or his neighbourhood, to accompany her, not as a boarder but a visitor, during a certain number of weeks, at the end of which a return to town might probably take place, with other appendant events not necessary to enlarge upon at this juncture.

This constituted the current Glory of the lodging-house keeper. To be rid of the calm and equable sharp-tongued woman, over whom she had certainly now no victory if she had not suffered repeated defeat—to be no longer in terror of her well-bred soorn, only able to oppose those coarser and less trenchant weapons of lower breeding—to be freed from a tyranny which debarred her from entering some of the most

eligible rooms in the house, thus reducing the respectful awe due to her from her own servants,—this was pleasure and pride enough to ensure the marking of that day with a white stone in memory.

But alas!—the other side—the Misery! Financial and in that detail of abundant patronage which allows choice and makes the peculiar pride of the lodging-house keeper, the late campaign could not be regarded as a success. For the apartments, sweet rooms though they were and the best in the 'ouse, were not as yet relet. Whether the coming of the grave lady had laid the whole house under a spell—or whether (as the proprietress sometimes almost suspected) the dissatisfied lodger had in some mysterious mode circulated reports throughout the entire community, indicating the apartments as ineligible and the landlady as objectionable—certain it was that the bill at the door had only attracted a few applicants of inferior condition, and that seventeen-and-a-half-pence, expended in announcements in the morning journals, had not been more effectual. So far as leaving the rooms empty could be considered, there was every probability of her enemy going out with banners waving and all the honours of the conflict; and this, apart from the financial question, was enough to constitute quite an appreciable amount of misery to the lady of the fugitive heart and the swooning tendency.

Mrs. Billiekin, however, it must be said, came up to the closing conflict, at this crisis, with great energy and no small amount of strategic skill. Defeated she might be, but discouraged never and wherefore try! Sportamen, unsuccessful in bag or creel, have been understood to call at the poultreer's or the fishmonger's, on their way home, and purchase the necessary quantity of game or fish to turn aside the venomous shaft of ridicule as aimed by the objects of their affection or others; able generals, depleted in force and unable to resist an impending attack, have been known to march in, with loud music and much display of flags, certain corps sent surreptitiously away for that purpose, thus striking terror into the enemy with the idea of a heavy reinforcement: bankers, suffering under that want of confidence in the public mind, illustrated by a "run on the bank," are at least currently reported to have procured the bringing in at the front door and throwing down very pronouncedly on the counter, of large amounts of bullion, supposed to have been just sent forward by confiding depositors, but really taken out of the back door, half an hour previous, for that special exercise of ingenuity.

So the Billiekin, who may have studied in the sportsman's, the military or the financial school, or all of them, and who had probably extracted a portion of her wisdom from each.

Most of the luggage of the two ladies was packed, ready for removal; and half a score of trunks and boxes, comprising a large proportion of it, had been placed outside the doors of the apartments, ready for the coming of the hour and the two cabs necessary for removal. But these did not by any means supply all that the hallway contained, on that special morning; for from immediately after the breakfast-hour, Mrs. Billiekin had herself been in the hall, shawl-wrapped, making occasional clutches at her heart (as if that, too, was about to leave its lodgings vacant, with no applicants), and suggesting that swooning, to the number of say half a dozen repetitions, would be the most desirable of diversions. But quite equal to the duties of her position, for all this, and displaying vigour that might have excited the envy of the robust.

She was subjecting the stone hallways, especially those immediately outside the rooms of Miss Twinkleton and Rosa, to an amount of scrubbing, scouring and washing down, involving the use of water enough to have extinguished a conflagration extending not beyond a single house, and indicating that she believed herself to be the officer of the deck of a steamer just freed from the cattle-trade, cleaning up for the commencement of light passenger traffic. This had continued and increased to such an extent, that Mr. Tartar, coming in by arrangement to assist the ladies to their vehicles and possibly to the station, when the hour should arrive (and for other purposes, also not necessary here to specify), found himself unexpectedly in very congenial atmosphere, water, mopping, scouring and scrubbing being quite sufficient, and only the holystone and squeegee wanting, to carry him completely back to his abandoned quarters on shipboard. Indeed on arrival he narrowly escaped hailing the boatswain, in a severe voice, with orders to the souppers and not have everything afloat 'tween-decks, like a land-lubber as he was!

There was something else, which he did not escape—the dear little imploring voice in which Rosa saluted him, on arrival, with a request that he would get their trunks inside again and prevent everything contained in them being ruined by the splashing water. And it was while he was performing that service, in which he wished that every package of hers was ten and ten times as heavy, that he might have the longer fancy of being in the act of altering stowage of sea-chests and all heavy dunnage, to clear for a tidy little brush with the yellow niggers or get her on an even keel for a sharp chase—it was during this performance, with its open doors, that the verbal but still more important tactics of the Billiekin became best apparent.

These consisted in a series of candid statements made very loudly to the servants, of the filthy condition in which certain persons as she needn't name though she wouldn't disguise the fact that they probably didn't know any better never 'avin lived in an 'ouse with any pretence to cleanliness or gentility, managed to disfigure and put every thing out of order, and it was a blessing that they was goin' as if they stayed much longer the best rooms wouldn't be fit to show to a shop-girl much less a lady and what else could you expect? As also reminders to the servants aforesaid, in even louder voice than that conveying the preceding, that Mrs. Welstead and her daughters, who had took the rooms, at prices as was prices and yet not too high for such sweet apartments and no thanks to them as had wanted to undervalue them but couldn't try how they would,—couldn't stay any longer than to-morrow morning in the rooms as as they had occupied in Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park and they must have the floor dry and the other rooms in order if the persons as was goin' away and the quicker the better she wouldn't deceive them not for her life, ever managed to get off as they had been warned sufficient and time hap-

Miss Twinkleton, half-angry, half-amused at the extraordinary length to which Mrs. Billiekin's wrath had reached, was still wishing that she were well on their way towards a place of residence more congenial. Rosa, altogether amused and entirely unconcerned, now that there was no danger of the drowning out of their personal adornments, was clapping hands at the whole affair, combined with certain suggestions and anecdotes of Mr. Tartar's, which illustrated it so capitally—and asking: "Oh, why, why did they ever make such a cross old thing, to make everybody uncomfortable—only that it is all so droll and absurd!" And Mr. Tartar, in addition to other suggestions and anecdotes, was compelling smile even on the face of the elder lady, with one of the former,—expressing a forcible desire which he seemed to entertain, of having Mrs. Billiekin at sea with him during one cruise in the tropics, where the water would be warm enough to allow of keel-hauling her once a day, which he believed would have the quadruple effect of curing her swoons, fastening down her heart in the proper place, softening her temper, and shutting her mouth.

It was then, and into such an atmosphere as this, that Helena Landless came, managing to reach the door of the drawing-room dry-shod, though after receiving certain venomous splashes, supposed to be accidental, which might have produced an unpleasant effect upon a temper less equable or a mind less preoccupied.

The face of the young girl was very grave, as she met her three friends, embracing Rosa with that elder-sister tenderness which she seemed never tired of expending upon her "baby-beauty," and greeting Miss Twinkleton and the Ex-Lieut. with that warmth belonging to her confidential position towards both.

Notably grave, the face, as of one who was for the moment too earnest for any of the trifling things of the world—and yet with something in it of high, sustained content, that might even be happiness, though not easily or at once that happiness bubbling in laughter.

All marked the expression of the face; but it was Rosa who first commented upon it, as their chairs so naturally drew close beside each other.

"Helena, dear!—how grave you are!—we have been laughing, oh, so very very heartily, over Mrs. Billiekin and her arrangements for annoying us. But for Mr. Tartar, who adores swimming, and likes to do it even in houses,—do you not, Rob—Mr. Tartar?—I suppose that our trunks would all have been floated away, leaving plenty of room for—what is the name of the imaginary woman, dear Miss Twinkleton, who is to succeed to our comforts?"

"Mrs. Welstead, Rosa dear, I think, is the name of the imaginary person who is to pick up the comforts, which must be lying very plentifully about the house, seeing that we have not found or used many of them!" replied the staid elder lady, demurely.

"Did she come in a carriage, with footman and a crest, to look at the rooms, I wonder?" inquired Mr. Tartar, in the soberest but breeziest way; whereupon Miss Twinkleton smiled quietly, Rosa, without any good reason being apparent, laughed so heartily, that Mrs. Billiekin must have been annoyed by the sound, even above the rush and swish of her water-dashing without. But Helena Landless did not join in the merriment; and after a moment more of silence that began to tell upon the spirits of the others, she said:

"Rosa, darling—you thought that I looked grave. Perhaps I have cause. Do you read the City reports in the newspapers, here, very often?"

"No—scarcely," replied Rosa; and then, suddenly alarmed by the suggestion of her friend's gravity and a newspaper report holding some connection, she began to inquire, breathlessly:

"Oh, Helena, dear! what, what has occurred?"

"Nothing to alarm you, darling; but something to cause surprise and a certain grief to us all. Look here!"

Rosa took the morning journal that she handed with a mark at a certain spot, and read aloud, breathlessly and terribly frightened,—those twenty or thirty lines in the City intelligence, reciting the discovery of a body, the day before, at a disreputable opium-smoking house in a certain dangerous street not far from the Tower—which body proved, on examination of papers found on it, to be that of a person named John Jasper, lately resident and in some musical avocation at Cloisterham, in Chalkshire. All indications, the report went on to say, pointed to long-developing decay and debility caused by excessive use of the deleterious drug; and there was no doubt that he had died in a debauch of that character—though time had not yet elapsed for investigation at Cloisterham; and nothing could be discovered from the occupants of the house, the tenant of that special room having disappeared after providing for irresponsible notice to the authorities, and none of the others admitting any knowledge of the unfortunate deceased or his antecedents.

The face of the poor little trembler, suddenly grave as that of her friend, was nearly white as the painted wall before she concluded, and the last words of her reading were scarcely intelligible. There even crept up from the warm little loving and forgiving heart, a few tears that fell in sorrow over the dreadful fate of the man whom she had lately known so well, and the man (let the whole truth be told!) who had loved her so deeply, even if so dangerously! For it is not in us to lay the same severe rule to conduct inspired by warm affection for us, that we should be sure to apply to it, when dictated by any other motive; and the wildest of passions has that security for recognition even in the least responsive natures.

"Poor Mr. Jasper," she said, as she concluded. "How very, very sorry I am, to know that he has ended so! He did love me, did he not?—though it was in his own dreadful way and though he made me so afraid of him!"

"Yes—poor Mr. Jasper, Rosa dear," said Miss Twinkleton, in her own undemonstrative manner. "Let us hope, now that he is gone, that he may have been a better man than we feared, and that he may have gone to an easier account than some of us, blind mortals, could arrange for him."

(Concluded in our next).